

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE.

Fifth Series, }
Volume XXX. }

No. 1876.— May 29, 1880.

{ From Beginning,
Vol. CXLV. }

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
LITTELL & CO., BOSTON.

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Single Numbers of THE LIVING AGE, 18 cents.

MY LITTLE WOMAN.

A HOMELY cottage, quaint and old,
Its thatch grown thick with green and gold,
And wind-sown grasses;
Unchanged it stands in sun and rain,
And seldom through the quiet lane
A footstep passes.

Yet here my little woman dwelt,
And saw the shroud of winter melt
From meads and fallows;
And heard the yellow-hammer sing
A tiny welcome to the spring
From budding fallows.

She saw the early morning sky
Blush with a tender wild-rose dye
Above the larches;
And watched the crimson sunset burn
Behind the summer plumes of fern
In woodland arches.

My little woman, gone away
To that far land which knows, they say,
No more sun-setting!
I wonder if her gentle soul,
Securely resting at the goal,
Has learnt forgetting?

My heart wakes up, and cries in vain;
She gave me love, I gave her pain
While she was living;
I knew not when her spirit fled,
But those who stood beside her, said
She died forgiving.

My dove has found a better rest,
And yet I love the empty nest
She left neglected;
I tread the very path she trod,
And ask,—in her new home with God
Am I expected?

If it were but the Father's will
To let me know she loves me still,
This aching sorrow
Would turn to hope, and I could say,
Perchance she whispers day by day,
"He comes to-morrow."

I linger in the silent lane,
And high above the clover plain
The clouds are riven;
Across the fields she used to know
The light breaks, and the wind sighs low,
"Loved and forgiven."

Good Words.

SARAH DOUDNEY.

ENTERING IN.

BY JULIA C. R. DORR.

THE church was dim and silent
With the hush before the prayer,
Only the solemn trembling
Of the organ stirred the air;

Without, the sweet, still sunshine,
Within, the holy calm,
Where priest and people waited
For the swelling of the psalm.

Slowly the door swung open
And a little baby girl,
Brown-eyed, with brown hair falling
In many a wavy curl,
With soft cheeks flushing hotly,
Shy glances downward thrown,
And small hands clasped before her,
Stood in the aisle alone.

Stood half abashed, half frightened,
Unknowing where to go,
While like a wind-rocked flower,
The form swayed to and fro;
And the changing color fluttered
In the little troubled face,
As from side to side she wavered
With a mute, imploring grace.

It was but for a moment;
What wonder that we smiled,
By such a strange, sweet picture
From holy thoughts beguiled?
When up rose some one softly,
And many an eye grew dim,
As through the tender silence
He bore the child with him.

And I—I wondered (losing
The sermon and the prayer)
If when sometime I enter
The "many mansions" fair,
And stand abashed and drooping
In the portals' golden glow,
Our God will send an angel
To show me where to go!

THE POETRY OF A ROOT-CROP.

UNDERNEATH their eider-robe
Russet swede and golden globe,
Feathered carrot, burrowing deep,
Steadfast wait in charmed sleep;
Treasure-houses wherein lie,
Locked by angels' alchemy,
Milk and hair, and blood, and bone,
Children of the barren stone;
Children of the flaming Air,
With his blue eye keen and bare,
Spirit-peopled, smiling down
On frozen field and boiling town—
Boiling town that will not heed
God his voice for rage and greed;
Frozen fields that surpliced lie,
Gazing patient at the sky;
Like some marble carven nun,
With folded hands when work is done,
Who mute upon her tomb doth pray,
Till the resurrection day.

Nov. 25, 1845.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

Macmillan's Magazine.

From The Edinburgh Review.
MOHAMMEDANISM IN CHINA.*

THE history of Mohammedanism is a series of surprises. Islam began by astonishing the world in its original outburst, and ever since, from time to time, it has ministered to the Western craving for amazement. Not many years ago, people had made up their minds that the religion of Mohammed was passing into its stage of dotage, and that no more advance was to be looked for in a faith that was at last about to verify the predictions of its Christian "unveilers," and to die the death of all falsehoods. But more recently, the eyes that were thought to be shut forever upon the forward march of Islam were roughly awakened to several unwelcome facts about that creed. It appeared from incontrovertible testimony that Mohammedanism was advancing with giant strides in western Africa at the expense of Christianity, and that Muslim teachers were working a social reform where Christian missionaries had failed. It was discovered that an able, resolute man had founded a vast Muslim kingdom between Russia and China, in the very centre of Asia, the cradle of the nations of Christian Europe; and in 1872 an appeal to England on behalf of an important Mohammedan kingdom in southern China conveyed to Western ears the information that there were villages and towns and districts of Muslims in the midst of the Buddhist and Confucian inhabitants of the Celestial Empire. There are some who would assign to China a great part in the future of the world; and though it is hard to feel much apprehension whilst the empire is in its present divided and exhausted condition, it is possible that, with the help of the fiery religion of the Arabs, the Chinese might

be induced to bestir themselves and set out on a career of conquest which should reflect not unworthily the violence and the terror of the first flood of Saracenic invasion. The place of Islam in the future of China must determine in a great degree the place of China in the future of Asia.

There is no religion about which so much is ill-known as Islam. It is hardly saying too much to assert that the barest fundamental doctrines of Mohammedanism are either unknown or misknown by the vast majority of educated Englishmen. University preachers of the highest honors still denounce the creed which teaches *the worship of Mohammed* along with the worship of God! Such ignorance of the essence of this religion is combined with equal darkness in the matter of its extent and present condition. In England, whose forty million Muslim subjects in India would, if the creed of the majority constituted the State religion, almost make Great Britain a Mohammedan power, the importance of the study of Islam and of the knowledge of its progress and possibilities in the future cannot longer thus be lightly ignored. Mohammedanism is closely linked with the future of India and of China, and through them with the future of Russia and of England. It is, therefore, a fit subject for regret that it should have been left to a French consul to inform us of that which so nearly touches our interests; but, whatever the source, it is the information that we want, and we owe our thanks to M. de Thiersant for the valuable service he has rendered to all whom the present and future condition of Chinese Mohammedanism may concern. He has gathered together a large quantity of really important materials, and his work deserves the careful study not merely of Orientalists and general readers, but of statesmen. It must, however, be admitted that the manner of the work is not so excellent as its intention. The Parisian much-vaunted virtue of conciseness is here conspicuously absent. M. de Thiersant has filled two volumes with the matter of one, and he has arranged the matter in a troublesome and irrational form. He has inserted a

* 1. *Le Mahométisme en Chine et dans le Turkestan Oriental*. Par P. DABRY DE THIERSANT, Consul-Général et Chargé d'Affaires de France. 2 vols. Paris: 1878.

2. *Prêtres des Musulmans Chinois* traduites sur l'original en arabe et en persan *Da'awât el-Moslemîn*, imprimé à Canton en 1876. Paris: 1878.

3. *The Life of Yakoub Beg, Athalik Ghazi, and Baudalet, Ameer of Kashgar*. By DEMETRIUS CHARLES BOULGER. London: 1878.

4. *Religion in China*. By JOSEPH EDKINS, D.D. Second edition. London: 1878.

number of literal translations of decrees and the like, most of which are identical in purport, and of which one would have sufficed as a specimen of all. He has spread out into a series of chapters the history of Islam in the various provinces in a very unconnected manner, instead of giving a concise chapter on the history of Mohammedanism in all China. And his second volume, containing the ritual and creed, might have been easily and effectually condensed, for the Hanafy doctrine and practice of the Chinese Muslims differ in no essential manner from the orthodox creed in the rest of the Mohammedan world; and the comments and explanations of the Chinese theologians are scarcely worth printing at length. Finally, M. de Thiersant would have done well if he had given the authorities for his statistics, and had, generally speaking, placed the book on a more positive basis as an authoritative exposition of facts. In spite of these defects, "*Le Mahométisme en Chine*" is a valuable work, and bears on its surface the impression of fidelity to truth and personal experience.

Those who know anything of Arabian history, or even of the "Arabian Nights," will find nothing surprising in the introduction of Islam into China. The trade of the far East passed in a great measure through Arab hands to Syria and the ports of the Levant. In the sixth century there was a brisk commerce between Arabia and the "Flowery Land" by way of Ceylon; and at the beginning of the Tang dynasty, in the first quarter of the seventh century, the trade between China and Persia and Arabia was greatly extended. Siraf, in the Persian Gulf, was the entrepôt of the Chinese merchants, who seldom came further west; and here the Arab traders from Maskat and Syria met them and carried their goods on to the next stage. An official journal records a voyage from China to Persia as taking over a year; but the travellers must be admitted to have taken their journey very leisurely. Among the traders who came to China early in the Tang dynasty, *i.e.* just when Mohammed was preaching to his Arabs, were men from Medina.

The kingdom of Medina [says the Chinese record] is near that of India; and it is in this kingdom that these strangers' religion arose, which is quite different from that of Fo (Buddha). They eat no pork, and drink no wine, and hold impure all flesh but what they have themselves killed. They call them nowadays Hoey-Hoey. They had a temple (at Canton), called the "Temple of Sacred Memory," which was built at the beginning of the Tang dynasty. By the side of the temple was a tower, called the "Unadorned Tower," round, and one hundred and sixty feet high. These strangers used to go every day to this temple to perform their ceremonies. Having asked and obtained the emperor's leave to reside in Canton, they built themselves magnificent houses, of a different style from the architecture of our country. They were very rich, and obeyed a chief of their own choosing. They were so numerous, and so influential in their wealth, that they could maltreat the Chinese with impunity (*Mah. en Chine*, vol. i., pp. 19, 20).

Who these first importers of Islam to China were, their descendants are entirely at a loss to inform us. They were certainly Arabians, for they have left their faces to their posterity; but from what part of Arabia it is perhaps impossible to say. They may have been sent by Mohammed himself in the year when he sent ambassadors to all the great kings to call them to "the true religion;" or they may have formed part of an expedition of exiles, like those who emigrated, by their prophet's advice, to Abyssinia. The only thing certain appears to be the early date of their arrival: there were undoubtedly Muslims in China about the end of the first quarter of the seventh century, or at least within ten years after the Hijra.

Who the chief of these men, the first Mohammedan missionary in China, was, is another obscure question. He is certainly a distinct person, about whom they preserve traditions, but he is not easy to identify. M. de Thiersant produces an inscription, dated 1351 A.D. (or rather its Chinese equivalent), which testifies that there was a special apostle sent in early times to the Chinese from Arabia; but the name throws no light on the identity of this apostle beyond the fact that he was a *sahhâby*, or "companion" of Mohammed.

At the foot of the Mountain of White Snows is a very high tower, built by the exertions of a man of the West, under the dynasty of the Ly-Tang. The great saint of the West, Mohammed, whose disciples turn upwards the holy stone in praying, sent one of his companions (*Sa-ka-pa*) to China to propagate his religion, some eight hundred years ago. It took a year and more for this disciple to reach our land by sea; he landed at Canton, and traversed China, and began to establish his religion at Canton (*Moh. en Chine*, vol. i., p. 22).

This apostle, variously styled Sarta, Sa-ka-pa, Wang-ka-ze, M. de Thiersant identifies, but we think on doubtful grounds, with Wahb Abu-Kebsha, a maternal uncle of Mohammed. Whoever he was, it seems clear that this apostle reached China about the sixth or seventh year of the Hijra (A.D. 628-9), where he was graciously received by the emperor Tai-Tsung, who permitted him to build a mosque at Canton and to practise the rites of the Mohammedan religion. Returning to Arabia in 632, he found his prophet was dead, and so chagrined was Sa-ka-pa at this disaster that he went back at once to Canton, bearing with him Abu-Bekr's authorized Koran, and there he died; and thither do many pious Muslims resort each year to pay respect to the tomb of the first Mohammedan missionary of China.

Islam, once planted in the Celestial Empire, speedily grew and waxed powerful. The scanty group of Arab traders settled at Canton multiplied, partly by new arrivals, partly by marriage with the Chinese, and by conversions. In 755 they received a considerable reinforcement in the four thousand Muslim soldiers who were sent by the 'Abbâsy khalif, El-Mansûr, to aid the emperor Suh-Tsung against the rebel Gan Luh-Shan, and who, when they had done their fighting, were permitted to settle in China and take left-handed wives from among the natives. This alliance between the khalif of Baghdad and the emperor of China is not so surprising as at first sight it would appear. The two empires were nearer to each other than one is accustomed to think. When, in the first cen-

tury of the Hijra, the famous Muslim general Kuteyba crossed the Oxus, took Bukhara and Samarkand, and "carried fire and sword through Kashgar to beyond Kucha," he was actually on Chinese territory. He sent ten officers of his staff as deputies to the emperor of China, who should offer him the friendship of the khalif, if he submitted himself and paid an annual tribute to the court of Islam, which was then at Damascus; or, in case of refusal, should put before him the alternative of fire and sword, the burning of cities, the slaughter of men, and the enslaving of women and children, throughout the dominions of his Majesty. This audacious message was delivered with the customary *sang-froid* of the Arab. The ambassadors indulged the emperor with an allegory in dress. The first day they appeared before him in sumptuous attire, perfumed *à ravir*, and, having regarded the emperor in grave silence, immediately retired. The next day they came in rich garments of a sombre hue, and acted as before. The third day they presented themselves armed cap-à-pie, and wearing an exceeding fierce aspect. The emperor, who had been at some pains to receive them with honor, could no longer restrain his amazement at this solemn rite, and demanded the reason thereof. "The first day's dress," they said, "is that in which we visit our wives; in the second we go to court; the third is what we wear when we encounter our enemies." And then they delivered their message. The Arabian legend will have it that the emperor was so much struck by the bearing of these men and the boldness of their language, that he loaded them with honors, and cheerfully consented to pay tribute to the distant khalif. Without committing ourselves to the truth of this conclusion, this much is certain, that the khalif and the emperor were ever afterwards on very cordial terms, and were in the habit of sending each other costly presents, and, generally speaking, holding out the right hand of fellowship. The motive for this alliance is easily found in the fact that the two empires were equally subject to the marauding inroads of their common enemy

the Thibetans, who lay between the two, and required suppression on both sides if they were to be kept in order at all.

The Arab traders, augmented by the four thousand military colonists, prospered and multiplied in the land. The only important accession they received from outside consisted in the Tartar and other immigrations which followed the general disturbance of Asia by Jenghiz Khan, and in prisoners of war taken during that period of universal fighting. But internally they grew steadily, and needed little fresh blood from without. Besides taking Chinese women as concubines, they increased their stock by the purchase of Chinese children in times of famine, and these they brought up as members of the Muslim community, and established, when fully grown, on their own account, so that whole villages were formed of these purchased Mohammedans.

For four centuries these strangers, envied by the natives for their political immunities, enjoyed a thousand facilities for development and for the formation of a populous and healthy community. Forced by their religious law to marry among themselves, they gradually took to them Chinese concubines, and were not slow to lose the diversity of types which distinguished them at the time of their arrival in China; and thus there sprang up a race distinct from the Chinese, and at the same time in no manner recalling its mixed origin (vol. i., p. 48).

M. de Thiersant's description of this peculiar race agrees closely with those of the learned Lazarist missionary, l'Abbé David, and of M. Dupuis and Mr. Anderson. Of course the characteristics differ somewhat in the different provinces and districts, according as one influence or another has been principally exerted; but, speaking generally, the Arab, Tartar, and Chinese blood which went to make up the people can be traced everywhere, and yet none of the three predominates so as to obscure the others, but rather all three unite in forming a new and distinct type, differing from all others and from its original ingredients. These Chinese Muslims are well-made fellows, of an athletic build, and, though seldom very tall, they are above the average Chinese height, altogether bigger and more muscular than the Chinese. The face is a long oval, with prominent cheek-bones; they have the Arab nose, but slightly sloping eyes that would be almost Chinese save for their fierce, keen glance. They wear only a short moustache, and shave the rest of the face. Their Arab lineage asserts

itself in the white or green turban, and they carry themselves with the dignified bearing of their Bedawy forefathers. The women are smaller than the men, the hips wide, and the bosom fully developed; their hands and feet very small, in consequence no doubt of Chinese customs; but the lower classes do not cramp the feet of their children after this fashion. The skin of both sexes is either whiter or browner than the olive-yellow of the Chinese; the hair is generally black, but sometimes one meets with a positively blonde color. In character they are described as gentler and more truthful than the other Chinese. As traders their honesty is above suspicion; as magistrates they are impartially just, and are looked up to with reverence. They are naturally more energetic than other Chinamen, and prefer war and commerce to art and letters. In religion they are not fanatical, but go so far in the contrary direction that they are willing to surrender such details in their ritual and creed as may seem offensive to the customs and prejudices of China. They dwell together in singular harmony, like a great, good-tempered family, mutually protecting each other, and living in charity one with another and with their unconverted neighbors.

Colonel Yule, in an excellent introduction prefixed by him to Captain Gill's narrative of his journey to Thibet, which bears the somewhat affected title of "The River of Golden Sand," has pointed out that in Indo-Chinese countries Islam has never assimilated the nationality of those who profess it, as in western Asia. This is the case in some degree in Java, still more so in Burmah, and most of all in China. The people in those countries professing Islam may be compared to the Abyssinian professors of Christianity. As we travel further east, the manners, rites, and observances prescribed by the common faith are considerably modified.

M. de Thiersant has devoted a whole volume of five hundred pages to the religion of these Muslims of China—a very needless waste of time and paper, as we think. It is divided into three large sections: (1) dogmatic, (2) moral, (3) ritual, occupying from one hundred and fifty to two hundred pages apiece, although each might have been sufficiently explained in a single chapter of very moderate length. The first part describes the necessary *dogmas* of Islam, as they exist all over the world among the orthodox—complicated and clouded over with the usual refinements and adumbrations of the

divines, or such of them as the Chinese mind affects. The curious thing is, that these Muslims of China almost all belong to the orthodox sect of the Hanafys, and yet contrive to be tolerant and sociable with their infidel neighbors. Orthodox Islam is not wont to be so. Beyond this general fact, that orthodoxy and tolerance are compatible in Islam, there is nothing to be learned from M. de Thiersant's treatises on God, and angels, and jinn, and prophets, and sacred books, and resurrection, judgment, paradise, and hell. On the subject of predestination, however, the extracts from the Tsin-tchen-tche-nan are important, for they show that the dangers of fatalism are clearly comprehended by the Mohammedans of China, and that they can reconcile in their own minds an orthodox belief in predestination with a firm conviction of man's responsibility and freedom of action. Whilst they recognize the doctrine that all the physical facts of the universe are the results of the immutable decrees of God, they also assert that actions of a moral order hang on the will of man, who is free to choose the good and eschew the evil.

The moral law of the Chinese Muslims is more interesting, because in it there is more room for the display of national and local peculiarities. The account of this law, however, in M. de Thiersant's second volume, is indescribably tedious. It consists mainly in extracts from Chinese moral treatises, which abound in excellent precepts for men's and women's conduct in all the relations of life, but which do not present any strikingly original thought, and indeed seem to have a special power of giving forth distressingly "goody" platitudes in a solemn way, which provokes unseemly mirth in the reader. If the Mohammedans of China were all that these moral essays say they ought to be, we should know where to go for a Utopia. They begin with the portrait of an ideal sovereign, who is one with his people, and whom his people worship as the shadow of God, and then proceed to describe the duties of public functionaries; after which family virtues have their turn—the duties of parents and children, husbands and wives, brothers and friends, all of which are treated with extreme good sense, but somehow remind us of the copybooks, and do not strike us as likely to be more efficient in their influence than these same instructors of our childhood. Then

the minor duties of the Muslim are explained—where he should dwell, how he must feed, and what he must avoid. This last category includes not merely the ordinary Mohammedan restrictions as to wine and the like, but also tobacco. The Chinese Muslims, like the Wahhabys, look upon smoking with unfeigned horror: they say the devil invented it when Nimrod cast Abraham into the furnace, in order to prevent the patriarch from escaping the flames. Opium, however, is not, unfortunately, regarded with such aversion. Dancing is not only forbidden, but unknown in China. Music, vocal and instrumental, the singing of spiritual psalms and the trolling of profane songs, are equally placed under a severe interdict. Images of living things are eschewed, as among all Muslim communities; but the Mohammedans of China, it must be confessed, do sometimes indulge their vanity by getting themselves photographed. Various regulations as to dress, usury, polite behavior, public prayers, pilgrimage to Mekka, alms, and the like, are included in this part of the work; and these differ in no essential manner from the ordinary rules of all Muslim societies. The truth is, that the mere description of the Koran law is of no possible use; for the Muslims of China are bound in many things to conform to the ordinary law of the land, whilst in others the regulations of Mohammed are modified by contact with other religions and customs. In marriage, for example, the Chinese law holds good: a Muslim in China can have but one wife, though, with her permission, he may take any number of concubines, who act as servants to the chief wife. The good and the bad points of Muslim marriage are traceable in China, with the improvement of the Chinese form of monogamy. The good side is seen in the rareness of illicit intercourse in the case of either sex. The bad side comes out in the degraded views of women which are common to all Mohammedan societies. Among the Chinese Muslims, the chief wife is simply "*la première servante de la maison*;" and though she has seldom to complain of harshness or cruelty in her husband, her inferior position naturally produces a corresponding inferiority in character. Generally an affectionate and virtuous wife and mother, she is yet as ignorant as all women must be who are kept down by the low estimation of the men, and she is consequently unfit to train and educate

her children in that time of their life which is perhaps the most important for the firm implanting of high principles and an intelligent view of life. Although the sexes are separated in the ordinary Mohammedan fashion (but without the veil), the Chinese wife enjoys much more liberty than her sisters in Egypt and Turkey. Yet this liberty seldom leads to immorality, and the Mohammedan ladies of China, though self-indulgent and given over to opium-smoking, are very reserved and modest in their behavior. Among the lower classes, the women show to the best advantage; they share every labor of their husbands with the utmost energy and devotion, and are rewarded by real affection and constancy. Few men of the working classes have more than the one wife; but among the traders and government officials about two-fifths keep a harem of several women. It is a singular fact that it is often the chief wife who urges the husband to take secondary wives (who are simply purchased slaves), either like Sarai of old, on account of her own barrenness, or because she wishes to increase her domestic establishment; for these concubines are more thoroughly under the control of the chief wife than any other servants could be, and they not seldom suffer many hardships and indignities at her hands. The Chinese Muslim system of one chief wife is certainly an advance upon the system of other Mohammedan societies; but in the matter of concubines, and in the general ignorance and inferior position of women, it tallies only too well with what we know of all communities where the social system of the Koran is in force.

As to the third division of the second volume, concerning the *ritual*, little need be said. The trivial and wearisome regulations as to purifications and prayers, fasts and festivals, and the ceremonies of births, marriages, and deaths, are those observed throughout the Mohammedan world, and it was quite unnecessary to recapitulate them in this work.

The Mohammedans of China are by no means equally distributed over the empire. Of the twenty million Muslims who enjoy the protection of the emperor, nearly three-fourths are found in the north-west provinces of Kan-suh and Shen-si, and four million inhabit (or, we should rather say, inhabited before the massacre of the Panthays) the fertile south-west province of Yun-nan; so that only about one million one hundred and fifty thousand remain for all the other

provinces.* The original settlement in the province of Kwang-tung where the commercial interests common to Muslims and Chinese made a peaceful *modus vivendi* imperative at the beginning, became in later times the scene of the massacre by Huang-chow, which was followed by the migration of the Muslims to the islands of Hainan, where their four mosques are still in existence; and Kwang-tung, with its twelve mosques, five of which are in the capital, Canton, itself now holds scarcely more than twenty thousand believers in the creed which the Arab traders brought first to its port, and their numbers are ever on the decrease.

Islam has flourished in China as no other foreign religion, if we except Buddhism; and it is worth while to discover how this has happened. It is not because there is any special affinity between Islam and the State religion of China, although imperial decrees would have us allow a close resemblance between them. It is because the Muslims of China have understood in a very remarkable manner the duties of a minority, and have recognized the hardest necessity of dissent — the necessity of preferring the obligations of the subject to the prescriptions of a nonconforming creed. It is really astonishing to read how these Mohammedans of China have brought themselves to give up what was local in their religious ordinances, and to accommodate themselves as citizens to the laws and customs of the Chinese Empire. They have adopted the habits and often the dress of the rest of the people, and have so far softened the intolerance and fanaticism that we are accustomed to regard as inherent in the religion of Mohammed that they are able to live amicably with the infidels, and to regard their Buddhist neighbors with a kindly feeling which it would be hard to find in a mixed community of Catholics and Evangelicals such as some English country towns present for the edification of our modern Gallios. They join in the public amusements, and behave altogether like ordinary Chinamen, only better; and anything that annoys their neighbors, as

* M. de Thiersant gives the following figures for the Mohammedan population of the various provinces. It is much to be regretted that he does not state the source of his statistics.

Kan-suh . . .	8,350,000	Shan-si . . .	50,000
Shen-si . . .	6,500,000	Hu-nan, Hu-pih . . .	50,000
Yun-nan . . .	4,000,000	Sze-chuen . . .	40,000
Chih-li . . .	250,000	Kwei-chow . . .	40,000
Shan-tung . . .	200,000	Che-kiang . . .	30,000
Ho-nan . . .	200,000	Kwang-tung . . .	21,000
Kiang-su . . .	150,000	Kwang-si . . .	15,000
Shing-king . . .	100,000	Kiang-si . . .	4,000

tall minarets, for example, they studiously avoid.

This loyalty and orderliness of the Muslim population in China has been met by a similar spirit of tolerance and kindness on the part of the supreme rulers. The Muslims of China labor under no disabilities; they are eligible for all offices; and the intelligent and worthy manner in which they fulfil the duties confided to them proves the wisdom of the sovereigns who did not fear to trust them. The emperors of China have had no better and abler servants than their Muslim officials; as ministers of State, members of the highest councils of the realm, generals of the Celestial army, and governors of provinces, they have fully justified the confidence reposed in them. The emperors of China have always impressed upon their subjects the triviality of slight dogmatic differences, provided the religion in question produces good citizens and kind-hearted, helpful neighbors; and the Muslims in return have sought to find points in common with Confucianism, instead of differences.

The Arab religion, says a Chinese writer of the eighteenth century, prescribes for the worship of the Supreme Being that which Confucius ordained for the Chang-ty: it only adds what has been borrowed from Buddhism, concerning prayer, fasting, alms, rewards and punishments after death, and certain rites (*Moh. en Chine*, vol. i., p. 54).

The government has taken the same view of the stranger creed, and many imperial decrees remind the people that Islam only aims at teaching the doing of good and the observance of natural laws and social obligations; and, if it presents some differences from other creeds, these are to be regarded simply as questions of country and custom, best understood by the founder of the creed. An extract from an imperial decree published in 1731, on the occasion of a Muslim objection to an edict respecting cattle, will show the kindly spirit which the Chinese emperors entertained towards Islam:—

In all the provinces of the empire there have been for many centuries a great number of Mohammedans, who form part of the people, and, like all my other subjects, are my very children. I make no distinction between them and those who do not belong to their religion. I have often received from certain functionaries secret complaints against the Mohammedans, because their religion differs from that of the other Chinese, because they do not speak the same language, because they wear different dresses from the rest: they accuse them of

serious disobedience, of stiffneckedness, of a spirit of revolt; and they demand of me severe measures against them. After having examined these complaints and accusations, I have found them groundless. The religion which these Mohammedans practise is that of their forefathers. Their tongue in truth is not the same as the Chinese; but how many dialects are there not in China? As to their temples, their dress, their handwriting, which are not as those of the other Chinese, these things are of no account: they are mere questions of manners. Their character is every whit as good as that of my other subjects; and there is nothing to show that they have a mind to revolt. I will, then, that they be left freely to exercise their religion, which aims at teaching men to do good and to observe their social and civil obligations and duties. Their religion respects the fundamental bases of government: what more should I exact? Let the Mohammedans continue to bear themselves as good and loyal subjects, and my favor shall extend to them as to my other children. From their number have come many civil and military officials, who have attained to the highest ranks—the best of proofs that they have adopted our customs and know how to conform to the ordinances of our sacred books. They pass their examinations in letters like all the rest, and perform the sacrifices prescribed by the law. In a word, they are true members of the great Chinese family, in that they force themselves indefatigably to fulfil their religious, civil, and political duties (vol. i., pp. 155-6).

So said the emperor Yung-shing in 1731; and another emperor, regarding Islam in the same liberal light, maintained the doctrine that "religion is a matter of conscience, which no one has the right to scrutinize." Many edicts could be quoted couched in the like tolerant spirit, to which, and the appreciation thereof by the tolerated, the Muslims of China owe the peace and tranquillity they have generally enjoyed.

Whenever the Mohammedans have come into conflict with their neighbors, it has been the fault, not of the supreme government, but of its lower officials. The mandarins of the provinces not unnaturally entertained feelings of jealousy towards the mixed people of foreign creed who had taken so firm a root in their land, and to whom the emperors showed marks of such decided favor. In the early days of Chinese Mohammedanism the Muslims were too few to resent the petty injuries of these understrappers by force, and in the central provinces the Muslim minority is still too small to be ever on anything but its best behavior. In the troublesome south-west provinces, however, they sometimes forgot their policy of

meek submission and conformity, and returned blow for blow. A slight quarrel between individuals of the different creeds would be followed by a conflict between the two whole parties, who would take up the quarrel of their co-religionist in the spirit of the Arab avengers of blood, or the Scottish clans in the good old days. Then would ensue massacres marked with all the cruelty of the Chinese character, added to the ferocity of religious warfare. The long suppression of spiritual rancor perhaps served only to intensify the fury of the fight, and things were done worthy of the best days of the Albigenian "crusade" or the inculcation of the "Thorough" principle in Ulster. In Kwei-chow, for example, in 1860, some litigation between a Muslim family named Ma and a Confucian called Tung resulted in a massacre of all the Muslims of the town. The neighboring Mohammedans came to avenge them, and in turn massacred the whole of the Confucian population. The streets were so full of the dead that, in order to clear a way, they had to pile the bodies one atop of another against the walls of the houses, and the wounded were so entangled among the dead that they could not extricate themselves, and so perished miserably in the loathly heap. Famine followed hard on the heels of slaughter, and the people were reduced to eating human flesh. To bury dead persons came to be regarded as criminal waste: they ate them. No man dared walk abroad by himself for fear of being devoured by his hungry townsmen. The luckiest of mortals was he who lighted upon a corpse; he would carefully carry it to a secret place, cut it into convenient joints, dry it in the sun, and store it as the most precious of provisions; the bones went to make soup. Things came to such a pass that human flesh was actually sold in the public markets without a pretence of concealment. Happily, Monsignor Faurie succeeded in patching up the quarrel before it went any further, and since then it is said that perfect harmony has reigned in the province between the Muslims and the other Chinese.

In the contiguous province of Yun-nan these things were carried out on a still larger scale. Here Islam was a comparatively late importation, but since its introduction in the thirteenth century it has marvellously increased, and until the last terrible revolt the Muslims formed the large majority of the population of the province. Up to the present century they seem to have received the same tol-

erant treatment as the rest of the Chinese Muslims, and the mineral wealth of the province, together with the trade with Burmah, contributed to bring about the unusual degree of prosperity which the Mohammedans of Yun-nan enjoyed at the beginning of this century: but the last seventy years have been filled with one long record of troubles and rebellions and merciless massacres. One of the worst of these disturbances took place in 1840, when, in consequence of the Muslims having offended two government officials, by claiming a just debt of one, and refusing to subscribe to a parasol of honor which it was proposed to present to the other, some sixteen hundred men, women, and children of the Mohammedan population of Momien were butchered without mercy, and the massacre would have been carried out through the rest of the district if the Muslims of the vicinity had not come to the rescue and exacted a terrible vengeance from the wanton oppressors of their co-religionists. But the most deplorable conflict between the Muslims and their neighbors in Yun-nan—or indeed in any part of China—was that which began in a quarrel between some miners in 1855, and only ended in 1874 in well-nigh the extermination of the Muslim population of the province. M. de Thiersant's account is more detailed than any report we have hitherto seen. The Chinese miners of Lusun-fu killed a good many of their Mohammedan fellow-workmen; the Muslims retaliated, murdered the Chinese superintendents, who had made themselves detested by their oppressions; and the struggle began to assume alarming proportions. The Chinese called to their aid the national guard of the department; but the superior courage and solidarity of the Muslims gave the latter the advantage. The *futay*, or governor of the province, was appealed to, and he, acting under the advice of a young Tartar, a member of the Academy of the Han-lin, ordered a general massacre of the Muslims throughout the province. Mounted expresses were despatched to the seventy-two districts with instructions to this effect to the principal mandarins. First, three hundred Muslim families of the town of Po-li were surprised by night and butchered; their houses were sacked and their mosque burnt; then village after village was subjected to the same barbarous fate. A cry of horror rang through the province, and the Mohammedans rushed to arms and collected in vast numbers, thirsting for

vengeance, and uncertain of the bare safety of their wives and children. A bold and energetic young military graduate, Ma-hien, took the command of the Muslim army, which invariably gained the victory over the government troops. In despair of reducing the rebels by force, the futay had recourse to the alternative commonly adopted in China — of offering an amnesty to all the insurgents, and rank to their leaders. Matters were very near being thus arranged, when the news came that seven hundred Mohammedan families had been slaughtered in one town of the province, and that more than fifteen thousand Muslims had been massacred at three other places. When Ma-hien heard this, he ordered out the futay's messengers of peace, and had them immediately shot; and then he marched with his army from town to town, ruthlessly slaughtering all who had taken part in the massacres, and destroying all that came in his way. He stated to M. Dupuis that on this march he killed upwards of a million Chinese. The provincial government was paralyzed, the futay besieged in his capital, Ma-hien master of the greater part of the province. The central government had its hands full with the Taeping insurrection. There was nothing for it but to make terms. A complete amnesty was granted, peace signed, and Ma-hien raised to the dignity of a tchintay.

One rebel chief alone refused to accept the terms of peace. Tu-wen-tsiew, afterwards known as the emperor Suleymân, had seized Ta-ly-fu, in spite of its natural defences of lake and mountain, put the garrison to the sword, and soon found himself commander of an army of eighty thousand men and master of the northern part of Yun-nan. He appointed eighteen governors for the various districts of his wide dominion, and, to show that he would have nothing in common with the emperor's subjects, he ordered his followers to wear their hair long. When Ma-hien and his colleague Lao-papa accepted the amnesty, Tu-wen-tsiew flatly refused to have anything to do with it; whereupon the two leaders of the war renounced him, and to their desertion is due the fall of Mohammedanism in Yun-nan. At first the nonjuring chief had things his own way. In 1860 he besieged the capital Yun-nan-fu with one hundred thousand men, and, though he failed to take it, ravaged the country round in the usual fashion of Chinese war. Anderson states that seventy-seven towns were taken by assault, and forty of them abso-

lutely destroyed, whilst the villages and hamlets burnt and pillaged defy calculation. In the first year of Tung-che the Imperial troops regained the command of the territory of the insurgents — or Panthays, as they were called by their Burmese neighbors — and in their turn besieged Ta-ly-fu. For three years they met with repeated repulses, and then raised the siege. A second siege only resulted in a similar retreat, and this time Tu-wen-tsiew retaliated by besieging the capital again, retiring, however, after six pitched battles. In 1870 the governor received orders from Peking to take Ta-ly-fu at all costs; and meanwhile Hi-tay-ly (who was accused of Mr. Margary's assassination in 1875, and owes his present safety to the diversion afforded by the Eastern question to her Majesty's government) attacked the other stronghold of the Panthays, Momien. The Muslim general of the earlier campaign, Ma-hien, reduced the smaller places to the Imperial sway.

Ta-ly-fu had been invested two years and more, and most of the besieged were giving up hope and counselling surrender, when Tu-wen-tsiew played his last card: encouraged by the friendly attitude of Major Sladen's expedition, he sent his adopted son, the Panthay prince Hasan, to implore the aid of the greatest Mussulman power — the aid of England. Prince Hasan escaped from the beleaguered city with a few followers, and, reaching Rangoon, sailed for England. It lay then in our power to decide the future of an important Muslim kingdom wedged in between China and Burmah, where our political influence might have proved useful. "Unfortunately," as Mr. Bosworth Smith says, "the interests of our trade were not sufficiently bound up with the existence of the Panthays to call for any representations on the part of a nation which, in spite of its higher instincts and aspirations, is still above all commercial."* Mr. Gladstone's government, influenced by considerations of neutrality, and deceived by reports of a cessation of hostilities in Yun-nan, received the prince with evasive cordiality; and the sultan of Turkey, to whom he next applied, could not see his way to improve upon the polite negations of the British ministry. Prince Hasan, foiled in his hope of succor from Christian or Muslim, returned to perish with his people. Arriving at Ran-

* Mohammed and Mohammedanism. 2nd edition, p. 30.

goon in December 1873, he learned that Ta-ly-fu had been given up by treachery to the imperial troops, that his father was dead, and the Panthay rebellion stamped out.

In fact, the intercourse between the Panthays and England had so greatly alarmed the Chinese government that they resolved to throw their whole force into a final effort to crush the Mohammedan insurrection. So fiercely did they press the siege of Ta-ly-fu that the inhabitants lost hope, and at the end of 1872 some officers of the garrison, having opened negotiations with the besiegers, and being supported by the despair of the besieged, publicly insulted Tu-wen-tsiw, and told him he had no alternative but to go out to the besiegers and surrender the town. The chief saw that all was over, and that his influence could no longer restrain the malcontents; he went into his house, poisoned his three wives and five daughters, to save them from the brutality of the conquering army, and then, having provided himself with gold-leaf, which he swallowed during the journey, he entered his palanquin, and was carried to the general who commanded the besieging army. Arrived at his tent, the Panthay chief, already dying from the poison, was beheaded. The general concealed his death, and, outwitting the traitorous officers, gained an entry into the city, and, after first decapitating the betrayers, gave the place over for three days to all that the cruelty and license of a barbarous soldiery could devise. Thirty thousand souls were put to the knife. Momien was taken in May; happily its garrison escaped by one way as the imperial troops broke in by another. By the end of 1874 the rebellion was at an end, and the emperor once more ruled over Yun-nan. The two Muslim generals who had turned against their own people did not long profit by their desertion. On a trumpety charge Lao-papa was beheaded at the age of eighty-six; and Ma-hien, after having been made a titay and covered with distinction during the siege of Ta-ly-fu, was degraded, and now lives at Hu-nan, doubtless repenting his desertion of the cause he had once so gallantly upheld. Such was the end of the Panthay rebellion. The country is exhausted, and more than a fourth of its inhabitants have perished or emigrated.

Perhaps the most important province of China, regarded from the point of view of Mohammedanism, is that of Kan-suh in the extreme north-west. It is inter-

esting not only on account of the large number of its Muslim inhabitants — more than eight millions — but also because it formed the meeting-ground between the Chinese empire and the kingdom of Yakoob Beg, the Atalik Ghazy of Kashgar. Stretching from this province to the northern frontier of Persia is the vast undulating plain of eastern Turkestan, a great sandy salt desert three thousand feet above the sea-level, but rising gently towards the east, dotted over here and there with oases spread on the banks of the rivers which go to form the Tarim, where dwell the sparse inhabitants of the desert, the Uzbek tribes, and the twelve thousand tents of the Kirghiz, Muslims all, but more by profession than by any specially hearty conviction. This vast country formed part of the Celestial Empire before the ninth century, but subsequently broke away, and for many centuries suffered the miseries of Mongol rule, at the hands of a multitude of petty khâns, of whom Mr. Boulger says "they possessed scarcely one redeeming quality among many vices." In 1760, the emperor of China invaded and subdued it, giving to its two great divisions of eastern Turkestan and Zungaria combined the name of Ili, establishing a manchu at Kulja, who, with two councillors and twenty-four residents, assisted by sixty thousand troops, ruled the province. An insurrection, beginning at Singan-fu in Shen-si, and spreading to Kan-suh in 1862, in which the Tungani (a mysterious race of Mohammedans dwelling in that region, supposed to be the remnant of the armies of Kublai Khan) were the chief actors, led to the severance of a part of this province and the whole of the government of Ili from the Chinese Empire. Various small Mongol states sprang up on the ruins of this huge sovereignty, and their disunion might have given China an easy task in reasserting its supremacy if a man of singular ability had not joined together the scattered States under his own rule. In 1865 Yakoob Beg, having directed the siege and accomplished the capture of the citadel of Kashgar, having slaughtered the garrison and given over the town to a seven days' pillage by the soldiery, assumed to himself sovereign powers, with the title of Atalik Ghazy; and then proceeded to make himself master of the whole desert plateau, from Asiatic Russia to Thibet, and from Khiva to Kan-suh. A few vigorous measures sufficed to restrain the former rulers of the land, the Mongol Khojas; and, save for various

futile attempts on the part of the Chinese to recover their lost territories, and a certain amount of trouble with his seditious neighbors the Tungani, the Atalik Ghazy enjoyed a reign of moderate tranquillity, and proved himself a just and enlightened ruler. The abolition of the slave-trade throughout his dominions is sufficient evidence of his desire to approach the standard of civilized nations. The Atalik Ghazy's power was recognized by England, and, after repeated evasions, by Russia; and there seemed every probability of an enduring Muslim kingdom being established in central Asia, which might form an important item to be reckoned with in the future positions of China and Russia in the heart of the continent. In May, 1877, however, the ameer died; and at the end of the year the Chinese troops marched upon Yarkand and Kashgar, and put an end to the hopes that had been entertained for the future of the youngest Mohammedan kingdom. The Chinese emperor now holds his ancient sway over eastern Turkestan, but the northern part of the province of Ili, called Zungaria, fell into the hands of Russia, only, however, to be eventually returned to China; for it has recently (August, 1879) been arranged in St. Petersburg to retrocede Kulja, the capital of Zungaria, for five million roubles. The Chinese have always demanded the retrocession of this place, which, indeed, was only occupied by the Russians during a period of anarchy, and never fairly belonged to them: nor, indeed, did they pretend to claim it. It is therefore only just that China should recover what she has certainly a better right to than Russia; and, as to the indemnity, which will chiefly go to Russian traders, who claim it on account of losses suffered during the time of anarchy, that is imposed mainly for the sake of saving the dignity of the czar. It appears, however, doubtful whether this treaty has been ratified by the court of Peking.

The part that Russia has played in the politics of central Asia hardly comes under the subject of this article, and is moreover not yet fully explained. Mr. Boulger has done his best to unravel the diplomatic mysteries of the relations between Russia and Kashgar in his "Life of the Ameer Yakoob Beg," but his account, animated as it is by a violently anti-Russian spirit, must be accepted with reserve. As our subject is Mohammedanism in China, and Mr. Boulger's book is mainly concerned with the history of eastern Turkestan before it again became

Chinese, we cannot enter into any adequate discussion of the merits of the work; but it is only fair to say that so far as it touches upon matters connected with the subject of this article, we have always found its information clear and abundant. It is to be regretted that Mr. Boulger has not obtained the services of a duly qualified orientalist to set him right on matters of Eastern scholarship; but faults of translation and spelling are no very serious blots in a work that is avowedly intended to be a popular biography. The book is full of instructive facts: Mr. Boulger has made himself a master of central Asian history, and his account of Yakoob Beg forms a useful supplement to the works on Kashgaria which we had recently occasion to notice in tracing the history of the revolt of eastern Turkestan.

Yakoob Beg is dead, but the country he ruled is none the less Mohammedan; and, though exhausted and half exterminated, there are yet millions of the same faith in the devastated provinces of Yun-nan, Kan-suh, and Shen-si; and this Muslim population may be destined to mould the future of China, especially if Yun-nan is opened to trade by the route which it was the object of the expeditions of Major Sladen and Colonel Browne and the unfortunate Margary to establish. Twenty million Muslims in a population of four hundred millions may seem over-weighted; but it must be remembered that the majority is in a disunited, lifeless condition, whilst the minority is filled with an energy and confidence in the future, which the late terrible struggles have only served to strengthen. The Muslims are aware that it is no small thing to have withstood the whole power of a huge empire for nearly twenty years; and they look forward hopefully to a time of assured independence. The Chinese government, on the other hand, is conscious of the strength of its Muslim subjects, and remembers that the armies of Ma-hien were only disbanded by an amnesty, and not by defeat. Hence the mandarins of the provinces treat the Mohammedans with cautious suavity, as a people on no account to be excited, and the Muslims on their side bear themselves peacefully and right loyally, waiting in all patience till their strength shall be restored, and their numbers multiplied, and the Chinese war of independence shall begin.

China [says M. de Thiersant] in its present condition, is at the mercy of the first great power whose covetousness its riches may pro-

voke. All who have dwelt in it during the last few years can perceive how this ancient edifice, crannied from base to gables, shakes on foundations which time has undermined. The respect for authority, which, with love of the family, has hitherto upheld it, has been materially weakened by the endless insurrections which, since Tao-kwang, have reddened the soil. The central government, without money, and one may say without the power of repression, is at infinite pains to retain the obedience of its four millions of subjects, who lay on its shoulders the blame of the disasters they have brought on themselves. Moreover, it has to reckon with their superstitions and their time-honored prejudices. In the provinces the governors exhaust every contrivance in order to procure the funds which are required of them every instant from Peking for the general needs of the State: whence come the traffic of offices, the sale of justice, the arbitrary raising of the customs (of which the collectors absorb the profits), and consequently general discontent, which is fostered by the ceaseless intrigues of secret societies, as well as by the words and writings of the literary men—that frivolous, ignorant, and vain class which takes egoism to be patriotism, and only thinks of upsetting everything, instead of using its intelligence and influence for the good of the country. As to the common folk, in general, given over to its instincts, its passions, discouraged by what it suffers and what it hears and what it sees, it ruminates from day to day on the reports and predictions which are circulated alike in country and town, and trembles as it thinks of the calamities which are in store for it in the future (vol. i., pp. 325-327).

From an empire such as M. de Thiersant describes there is nothing to fear; for it, on the other hand, there is everything to fear. Supposing that the old Chinese fashion of *laissez-aller* undergoes no change, and matters grow worse, disunion and discontent become aggravated, and the government loses the little strength it has. What then? The Chinese Mohammedans, having recovered the ground they lost in the recent troubles, pluck up heart again and reduce the whole country. The army that could reduce the large province of Yun-nan twenty years ago would in its developed state, be able to reduce all China fifty years hence if things go on as heretofore. The religious situation in China is so peculiar that it would not be surprising to find the people converted to any new creed. Buddhism, Confucianism, and Taoism exist side by side, and are equally accepted without distinction by the same individual. "It is quite a common thing," says Dr. Edkins, "for the same person to conform to all the three modes

of worship. . . . Any divinity [the governing powers] may wish to have worshipped by the common people will be admitted at once into their pantheon without difficulty. The majority of the inhabitants comply with the worship of more than one religion, believe in more than one mythology of gods, and contribute to the support of more than one priesthood." Dr. Edkins's conclusion is that China will become Christian; but the reasoning would lead equally well to the inference that it might become Mohammedan. China turned Muslim would be a very different thing from China inspired by no very hearty religious feeling. Four hundred millions of Mohammedans, added to the already large census of Islam, would materially alter the conditions of the European powers; and a Chinese "holy war" would be a veritable Damocles' sword suspended over the civilized world. Such things may be dreams, but they are not impossibilities; and such a contingency as the revivifying of China by the religion of Mohammed ought to be reckoned with in the future of all European States.

From The Argosy.

VERENA FONTAINE'S REBELLION.

BY JOHNNY LUDLOW.

SPRING sunshine, bright and warm to-day, lay on Timberdale. Herbert Tanerton, looking sick and ill, sat on a bench on the front lawn, holding an argument with his wife, shielded from outside gazers by the clump of laurel-trees. We used to say the rector's illnesses were all fancy and temper; but it seemed to be rather more than that now. Worse tempered he was than ever; Jack's misfortunes and Jack's conduct annoyed him. During the past winter Jack had taken some employment at the Liverpool Docks, in connection with the Messrs. Freeman's ships. Goodness knew of what description it was, Herbert would say, turning up his nose.

A day or two ago Jack made his appearance again at the rectory; had swooped down upon it without warning or ceremony, just as he had in the autumn. Herbert did not approve of that. He approved still less of the object which had brought Jack at all. Jack was tired of the Liverpool Docks; the work he had to do was not congenial to him; and he

had now come to Timberdale to ask Robert Ashton to make him his bailiff. Not being able to take a farm on his own account, Jack thought the next best thing would be to take the management of one. Robert Ashton would be parting with his bailiff at midsummer, and Jack would like to drop into the post. Anything much less congenial to the rector's notions, Jack could hardly have pitched upon.

"I can see what it is — Jack is going to be a thorn in my side forever," the rector was remarking to his wife, who sat near him, doing some useful work. "He never had any idea of the fitness of things. A bailiff, now! — a servant!"

"I wish you would let him take a farm, Herbert — lend him the money to stock one."

"I know you do; you have said so before."

Grace sighed. But when she had it on her conscience to say a thing she said it.

"Herbert, you know — you know I have never thought it fair that we should enjoy all the income we do; and —"

"What do you mean by 'fair'?" interrupted Herbert. "I only enjoy my own."

"Legally it is yours. Rightly, a large portion of it ought to be Jack's. It does not do us any good, Herbert, this superfluous income; you only put it by. It does not in the slightest degree add to our enjoyment of life."

"Do be quiet, Grace — unless you can talk sense. Jack will get no money from me. He ought to be at sea. What right had he to give it up? The 'Rose of Delhi' is expected back now: let him take her again."

"You know why he will not, Herbert. And he must do something for a living. I wish you would not object to his engaging himself to Robert Ashton. If —"

"Why don't you wish anything else that's lowering and degrading? You are as devoid of common sense as he!" retorted the parson, walking away in a fume.

Matters were in this state when we got back to Crabb Cot; to stop at it for a longer or a shorter period as fate and the painters at Dyke Manor would allow. Jack urging Robert Ashton to promise him the bailiff's post — vacant the next midsummer; Herbert strenuously objecting to it; and Robert Ashton in a state of dilemma between the two. He would have liked well enough to engage John Tanerton; but he did not like to defy the rector. When the squire heard this later,

his opinion vacillated, according to custom: now leaning to Herbert's side, now to Jack's. And the Fontaines, we found, were in all the bustle of house-moving. Their own house, Oxlip Grange, being at length ready for them, they were quitting Maythorn Bank.

"Goodness bless me!" cried the squire, coming in at dusk from a stroll he had taken the evening of our arrival. "I never got such a turn in my life."

"What has given it you, sir?"

"What has given it me, Johnny? why, Sir Dace Fontaine. I never saw any man so changed," he went on, rubbing up his hair. "He looks like a ghost, more than a man."

"Is he ill?"

"He must be ill. Sauntering down that narrow lane by Maythorn Bank, I came upon a tall something mooning along like a walking shadow. I might have taken it for a shadow, but that it lifted its bent head, and threw its staring eyes straight into mine — and I protest that a shadowy sensation crept over myself when I recognized it for Fontaine. You never saw a face so gloomy and wan. How long is it since we saw him, Johnny?"

"About nine months, I think, sir."

"The man must be suffering from a wasting complaint, or else he has some secret care that's fretting him to fiddle-strings. Mark my words, all of you, it is one or the other."

"Dear me!" put in Mrs. Todbetley, full of pity. "I always thought him a gloomy man. Did you ask him whether he was ill?"

"Not I," said the *pater*: "he gave me no opportunity. Had I been a sheriff's officer with a writ in my hand he could hardly have turned off shorter. They had moved into the other house that day, he muttered, and he must lock up Maythorn Bank and be after them."

This account of Sir Dace was in a measure cleared up the next morning. Who should come in after breakfast but the surgeon, Cole. Talking of this and that, Sir Dace Fontaine's name came up.

"I am on my way now to Sir Dace; to the new place," cried Cole. "They went into it yesterday. Might have gone in a month ago, but Sir Dace made no move to do it. He seems to have no heart left to do anything; neither heart nor energy."

"I knew he was ill," cried the squire. "No mistaking that. And now, Cole, what is it that's the matter with him?"

"He shows symptoms of a very serious inward complaint," gravely answered Cole. "A complaint that, if it really does set in, must prove fatal. We have some hopes yet that we shall ward it off. Sir Dace does not think we shall, and is in a rare fright about himself."

"A fright, is he! That's it, then."

"Never saw any man in such a fright before," went on Cole. "Says he's going to die — and he does not want to die."

"I said last night the man was like a walking shadow. And there's a kind of scare in his face."

Cole nodded. "Two or three weeks ago I got a note from him, asking me to call. I found him something like a shadow, as you observe, squire. The cold weather had kept him indoors, and I had not chanced to see him for some weeks. When Sir Dace told me his symptoms, I suppose I looked grave. Combined with his wasted appearance, they unpleasantly impressed me, and he took alarm. 'The truth,' he said, in his arbitrary way: 'tell me the truth; only that. Conceal nothing.' Well, when a patient adjures me in a solemn manner to tell the truth, I deem it my duty to do so," added Cole, looking up.

"Go on, Cole," cried the squire, nodding approval.

"I told him the truth, softening it in a degree — that I did not altogether like some of the symptoms, but that I hoped, with skill and care, to get him round again. The same day he sent for Darbyshire of Timberdale, saying we must attend him conjointly, for two heads were better than one. Two days later he sent for somebody else — no other than Mr. Ben Rymer."

"We all screamed out in surprise. 'Ben Rymer!'"

"Ay," said Cole, "Ben Rymer. Ben has got through and is a surgeon now, like the rest of us. And, upon my word, I believe the fellow has his profession thoroughly in hand. He will make a name in the world, the chances for it being afforded him, unless I am mistaken."

Something like moisture stood in the squire's good old eyes. "If his father, poor Rymer, had but lived to see it!" he softly said. "Anxiety, touching Ben, killed him."

"So we three doctors make a pilgrimage to Sir Dace regularly every day; sometimes together, sometimes apart," added Cole. "And of the three of us, I believe the patient likes young Rymer best — has most confidence in him."

"Shall you cure him?"

"Well, we do not yet give up hope. If the disease does set in, it will —"

"What?"

"Run its course quickly."

"An instant yet, Cole," cried the squire, stopping the surgeon as he was turning away. "You have told us nothing. How does the parish get on? — and the people? How is Letsom? — and Crabb generally? Tanerton — how is he? — and Timberdale? Coming here fresh, we are thirsting for news."

Cole laughed. He knew the *pater* liked gossip as much as any old woman: and the reader must understand that, as yet, we had not heard any, having reached Crabb Cot late the previous afternoon.

"There is no particular news, squire," said he. "Letsom is well; so is Crabb. Herbert Tanerton's not well. He is in a crusty way over Jack."

"He is always in a way over something. Where is Jack?"

"Jack's here, at the rectory; just come to it. Robert Ashton's bailiff is about to take a farm on his own account, and Jack came rushing over from Liverpool to apply for the post."

Tod, who had been too much occupied with his fishing-flies to take much heed before, set up a shrill whistle at this. "How will the parson like that?" he asked.

"The parson does not like it at all. Whether he will succeed in preventing it, is another matter," concluded Cole. And, with that, he made his escape.

Close upon the surgeon's departure, Colonel Letsom came in; he had heard of our arrival. It was a pity, he said, the two brothers should be at variance. Jack wanted the post — he must make a living somehow; and the rector was in a way over it; not quite mad, but next door to it; Ashton of course not knowing what to do between them. From that subject, he began to speak of the Fontaines.

A West Indian planter, one George Bazalgette, had been over on a visit, he said, and had spent Christmas at Maythorn Bank; his object being to induce Verena to accept him as her husband. Verena would not listen to him, and he wasted his eloquence in vain. She made no hesitation in avowing to him that her affections were buried in the grave of Edward Pym.

"Fontaine told me confidentially in London that he intended she *should* have Bazalgette," remarked the squire. "It

was the evening we went looking for her at that waxwork place."

"Ay; but Fontaine is changed," returned the colonel: "all his old domineering ways are gone out of him. When Bazalgette was over here, he did not attempt even to persuade her: she must take her own course, he said. So poor Bazalgette went back as he came — wifeless. It was a pity."

"Why?"

"Because this George Bazalgette was a nice fellow," replied Colonel Letsom. "An open-hearted, fine-looking, generous man, and desperately in love with her. Miss Verena will not readily find his compeer in a summer day's march."

"As old as Adam, I suppose, colonel," interjected Tod.

"Yes — if you choose to put Adam's age down at three or four and thirty," laughed the colonel, as he took his leave.

To wait many hours, once she was at Crabb, without laying in a stock of those delectable "family pills," invented by the late Thomas Rymer, would have been quite beyond the philosophy of Mrs. Todhetley. That first morning, not ten minutes after Colonel Letsom left us, taking the squire with him, she despatched me to Timberdale for a big box of them. Tod would not come: said he had his flies to see to.

Dashing through the ravine and out on the field beyond it, I came upon Jack Tanerton. Good old Jack! The squire had said Sir Dace was changed: I saw that Jack was. He looked taller and thinner, and the once beaming face had care upon it.

"Where are you bound for, Jack?"

"Not for any place in particular. Just sauntering about."

"Walk my way, then. I am going to Rymer's."

"It is such nonsense," cried Jack, speaking of his brother, after we had plunged a bit into affairs. "Calling it derogatory, and all the rest of it! I could be just as much of a gentleman as Ashton's bailiff as I am now. Everybody knows me. He gives a good salary, and there's a pretty house; and I have also my own small income. Alice and I and the little ones should be as happy as the day's long. If I give in to Herbert and don't take it, I don't see what I am to turn to."

"But, Jack, why do you give up the sea?" I asked. And Jack told me what he had told others: he should never take command again until he was a free man.

"Don't you think you are letting that past matter hold too great an influence over you?" I presently said. "You must be conscious of your own innocence — and yet you seem as sad and subdued as though you were guilty!"

"I am subdued because other people think me guilty!" he answered. "Changed? I am. It is that which has changed me; not the calamity itself."

"Jack, were I you, I should stand up in the face and eyes of all the world, and say to them, 'Before God, I did not kill Pym.' People would believe you then. But you don't do it."

"I have my reasons for not doing it, Johnny Ludlow. God knows what they are; he knows all things. I dare say I may be set right with the world in time: though I don't see how it is to be done."

A smart young man, a new assistant, was behind the counter at Ben Rymer's, and served me with the pills. Coming out, box in hand, we met Ben himself. I hardly knew him, he was so spruce. His fiery hair and whiskers were trimmed down to neatness and looked of a more reasonable color; his red-brown beard was certainly handsome, and his clothes were well cut.

"Why, he has grown into a dandy, Jack," I said, after we had stood a minute or two, talking with the surgeon.

"Yes," said Jack, "he is going in for the proprieties of life now. Ben may make a gentleman yet — and a good man to boot."

That same afternoon, it chanced that the squire met Ben Rymer. Striding along in his powerful fashion, Ben came full tilt round the sharp corner that makes the turning to the Islip Road, and nearly ran over the *pater*. Ben had been to Oxlip Grange.

"So, sir," cried the *pater*, stopping him, "I hear you are in practice now, and intend to become a respectable man. It's time you did."

"Ay, at last," replied Ben good-humoredly. "It is a long lane, squire, that has no turning."

"Don't you lapse back again, Mr. Ben."

"Not if I know it, sir. I hope I shall not."

"It was anxiety on your score, you know, that troubled your good father's mind in dying."

"If it did not bring his death on," readily conceded Ben, his light tone changing. "I know it all, squire — and have felt it."

"Look here," cried the squire, catching at Ben's buttonhole, which had a lovely lily-of-the-valley in it, "there was nothing on earth your poor patient father prayed for so earnestly as for your welfare; that you might be saved for time and eternity. Now I don't believe such prayers are ever lost. So you will be helped on your way if you bear steadfastly onwards."

Giving the young man's hand a wring, the squire turned off on his way. In half a minute he was back again.

"Hey, Mr. Benjamin!—here. How is Sir Dace Fontaine? I suppose you have just left him?"

So Ben had to come back at the call. To the *pater's* surprise he saw his eyes were moist.

"He is worse, sir, to-day; palpably worse."

"Will he get over it?"

Ben gave his head an emphatic shake, which somehow belied his words: "Cole and Darbyshire think there is hope yet, squire."

"And you do not; that's evident. Well, good-day."

II.

THE next move in this veritable drama was the appearance of Alice Tanerton and her six-months-old baby at Timberdale. Looking upon the rectory as almost her home—it had been Jack's for many years of his life—Alice came to it without the ceremony of invitation: the object of her coming now being to strive to induce Herbert to let her husband engage himself to Robert Ashton. And this visit of Alice's was destined to bring about a most extraordinary event.

One Wednesday evening when Jack and his wife were dining with us—and that troublesome baby, which Alice could not, as it seemed, stir abroad without, was in the nursery squealing—Alice chanced to say that she had to go to Islip the following day, her mother having charged her to see John Paul the lawyer, concerning a little property that she, Aunt Dean, held in Crabb. It would be a tremendously long walk for Alice from Timberdale, especially as she was not looking strong, and Mrs. Todhetley proposed that I should drive her over in the pony-carriage: which Alice jumped at.

Accordingly, the next morning, which was warm and bright, I took the pony-carriage to the rectory, picked up Alice, and then drove back towards Islip. As we passed Oxlip Grange, which lay in our way, Sir Dace Fontaine was outside in

the road, slowly pacing the side-path. I thought I had never seen a man look so ill: so *down* and gloomy. He raised his eyes as we came up, to give me a nod. I was nodding back again, when Alice screamed out and startled me. She started the pony too, which sprang on at a tangent.

"Johnny! Johnny Ludlow!" she gasped, her face whiter than death and her lips trembling like an aspen leaf, "did you see that man? Did you see him?"

"Yes. I was nodding to him. What is the matter?"

"It was the man I saw in my dream: the man who had committed the murder in it."

I stared at her, wondering whether she had lost her wits.

"Do you remember the description I gave of that man?" she continued in excitement. "I do. I wrote it down at the time, and Mr. Todhetley holds it, sealed up. Every word, every particular is in my memory now, as I saw him in my dream. 'A tall, evil-looking, dark man in a long brown coat, who walked with his eyes fixed on the ground.' I tell you, Johnny Ludlow, *that is the man*."

Her vehemence infected me. I looked round after Sir Dace. He was turning this way now. Certainly the description seemed like enough. His countenance just now did look an evil one; and he was tall, and he was dark, and he wore a long brown coat this morning, nearly reaching to his heels, and his eyes were fixed on the ground as he walked.

"But what if his looks do tally with the man you saw in your dream, Alice? What of it?"

"What of it!" she echoed, vehemently. "*What of it!* Why, don't you see, Johnny Ludlow? This man must have killed Edward Pym."

"Hush, Alice! It is impossible. This is Sir Dace Fontaine."

"I do not care who he is," was her impulsive retort. "As surely as that heaven is above us, Edward Pym got his death at the hand of this man. My dream revealed it to me."

I might as well have tried to stem a torrent as to argue with her; so I drove on and held my tongue. Arrived at the office of Paul and Chandler, I followed her in, leaving a boy with the pony outside. Alice pounced upon old Paul with the assertion: Sir Dace Fontaine was the evil and guilty man she had seen in her dream. Considering that Paul was a sort

of cousin to Sir Dace's late wife, this was pretty well. Old Paul stared at her as I had done. Her cheeks were hectic, her eyes wildly earnest. She recalled to the lawyer's memory the dream she had related to him; she asserted in the most unqualified manner that Dace Fontaine was guilty. Tom Chandler, who was old Paul's partner and had married his daughter Emma, came into the room in the middle of it, and took his share of staring.

"It must be investigated," said Alice to them. "Will you undertake it?"

"My dear young lady, one cannot act upon a fancy—a dream," cried old Paul: and there was a curious sound of compassionate pity in his voice, which betrayed to Alice the gratifying fact that he was regarding her as a monomaniac.

"If you will not act, others will," she concluded at last, after exhausting her arguments in vain. And she came away with me in resentment, having totally forgotten all about her mother's business.

To Crabb Cot then—she *would* go—to take council with the squire. He told her to her face she was worse than a lunatic to suspect Sir Dace; and he would hardly get out the sealed packet at all. It was opened at last, and the dream, as written down in it by herself at the time, read.

"John Tanerton, my husband, was going to sea in command," it began. "He came to me the morning of the day they were to sail, looking very patient, pale, and sorrowful: more so than any one, I think, could look in life. He and I seemed to have had some estrangement the previous night that was not remembered by either of us now, and I, for one, repented of it. Somebody was murdered (though I could not tell how this had been revealed to me), some man; Jack was suspected by all people, but they could not bring it home to him. We were in some strange town; strangers in it; though I, as it seemed to me, had been in it once, many years before. All this while, Jack was standing before me in his sadness and sorrow, mutely appealing to me, as it seemed, to clear him. Everybody was talking of it and glancing at us askance, everybody shunned us, and we were in cruel distress. Suddenly I remembered that when I was in the town before, the man now murdered had had a bitter quarrel with another man, a gentleman of note in the town; and a conviction came over me, powerful as a revelation, that it was he who had now committed

the murder. I left Jack, and told this to some one connected with the ship, its owner, I think. He laughed at the words, saying that the gentleman I would accuse was of high authority in the town, one of its first magnates. That he had done it, however high he might be, I felt perfectly certain; but nobody would listen to me, nobody would heed so improbable a tale: and, in the trouble this brought me, I awoke. *Such* trouble! Nothing like it could be felt in real life.

"That was dream the first.

"I lay awake for some little time thinking of it, and then went to sleep again: and this was dream the second.

"The dream seemed to recommence from where it had left off. It was afternoon. I was in a large, open carriage, going through the streets of the town, the ship's owner (as I say I think he was) sitting beside me. In passing over a bridge we saw two gentlemen walking towards us arm-in-arm on the footpath, one of them an officer in a dusky old red uniform and cocked hat, the other a tall, evil-looking, dark man, who wore a long brown coat and kept his eyes on the ground. Though I had never seen him in my life before, I *knew* it was the guilty man; he had killed the other, committed the crime in secret: but ere I could speak, he who was sitting with me said, 'There's the gentleman you would have accused this morning. He stands before everybody else in the town. Fancy your accusing *him* of such a thing! It seemed to me that I did not answer, could not answer for the pain. That he was guilty I knew, and not Jack, but I had no means of bringing it home to him. He and the man in uniform walked on in their secure immunity, and I went on in the carriage in my pain. The pain awoke me.

"And now it only remains for me to declare that I have set down this singular dream truthfully, word for word; and I shall seal it up and keep it. It may be of use if any trouble falls upon Jack, as the dream seems to foretell—and of some trouble in store for him he has already felt the shadow. So strangely vivid a dream and the intense pain it brought and leaves with me, can hardly have visited me for nothing.—ALICE TANERTON."

That was all the paper said. The squire poring his good old spectacles over it, shook his head as Alice pointed out the description of the guilty man, how exactly it tallied with the appearance of Sir

Dace Fontaine; but he only repeated Paul the lawyer's words, "One cannot act upon a dream."

"It was Sir Dace; it was Sir Dace," reiterated Alice clasping her hands piteously. "I am as sure of it as that I hope to go to heaven." And I drove her home in the belief.

There ensued a commotion. Not a commotion to be told to the parish, but a private one amidst ourselves. I never saw a woman in such a fever of excitement as Alice Tanerton was in from that day, or any one take up a matter so warmly.

Captain Tanerton did not adopt her views. He shook his head, and said Sir Dace it *could not* have been. Sir Dace was at his house in the Marylebone Road at the very hour the calamity happened off Tower Hill. I followed suit bearing out Jack's word. Was I not at the Marylebone Road that evening myself, playing chess with Coralie?—and was not Sir Dace shut up in his library all the time, and never came out of it?

Alice listened, and looked puzzled to death. But she held to her own opinion. And when a fit of desperate obstinacy takes possession of a woman without rhyme or reason, you cannot shake it. As good try to argue with the whistling wind. She did not pretend to see how it could have been, she said, but Sir Dace was guilty. And she haunted Paul and Chandler's office at Islip, praying them to take the matter up.

At length, to soothe her, and perhaps to prevent her carrying it elsewhere, they promised they would. And of course they had to make some show of doing it.

One evening Tom Chandler came to Crabb Cot and asked to see me alone. "I want you to tell me all the particulars you remember of that fatal night," he began, when I went to him in the squire's little room. "I have taken down Captain Tanerton's testimony, and I must have yours, Johnny."

"But, are you going to stir in it?"

"We must do something, I suppose. Paul thinks so. I am going to London to-morrow on other matters, and shall use the opportunity to make an enquiry or two. It is rather a strange piece of business altogether," added Mr. Chandler, as he took his place at the table and drew the inkstand towards him. "John Tanerton is innocent. I feel sure of that."

"How strongly Mrs. Tanerton has taken it up!"

"Pretty well for that," answered Tom

Chandler, a smile on his good-natured face. "She told us yesterday in the office that it must be the consciousness of guilt which has worried Sir Dace to a skeleton. Now then, we'll begin."

He dotted down my answers to his questions, also what I voluntarily added. Then he took a sheet of paper from his pocket, closely written upon, and compared its statements—they were Tanerton's—with mine. Putting his finger on the paper to mark a place he looked at me.

"Did Sir Dace speak of Pym or of Captain Tanerton that night, when you were playing chess with Miss Fontaine?"

"Sir Dace did not come into the drawing-room. He had left the dinner-table in a huff to shut himself up in his library, Miss Fontaine said; and he stayed in it."

"Then you did not see Sir Dace at all that night?"

"Oh yes, later—when Captain Tanerton and young Saxby came up to tell him of the death. We then all went down to Ship Street together. You have taken that down."

"True," said Chandler. "Well, I cannot make much out of it as it stands," he concluded, folding the papers and putting them in his pocket-book. "What do you say is the number of the house in the Marylebone Road?"

I told him, and he went away, wishing he could accept my offer of staying to drink tea with us.

"Look here, Chandler," I said to him at the front door: "why don't you take down Sir Dace Fontaine's evidence, as well as mine and Tanerton's?"

"I have done it," he answered. "I was with Sir Dace to-day. Mrs. Tanerton's suspicions are of course—absurd," he added, making a pause, as if at a loss for a suitable word; "but for her peace of mind, poor lady, we would like to pitch upon the right individual if we can. And as yet he seems to be a myth."

The good ship, "Rose of Delhi," came gaily into port, and took up her berth in St. Katharine's Docks as before; for she had been chartered for London. Her owners, the Freemans, wrote at once from Liverpool to Captain Tanerton, begging him to resume command. Jack wrote back, and declined.

How is it that whispers get about? Do the birds in the air carry them?—or the

winds of heaven? In some cases it seems impossible that anything else can have done it. Paul and Chandler, John Tanerton and his wife, the squire and myself: we were the only people cognisant of the new suspicion that Alice was striving to cast on Sir Dace; one and all of us had kept silent lips: and yet, the rumor got abroad. Sir Dace Fontaine was accused of knowing more about Pym's death than he ought to know, and Tom Chandler was in London for the purpose of investigating it. This might not have mattered very much for ordinary ears, but it reached those of Sir Dace.

Coralie Fontaine heard it from Mary Ann Letsom. In Mary Ann's indignation at the report, she spoke it out to Coralie; and Coralie, laughing at the absurdity of the thing, repeated it to Sir Dace. How *he* received it, or what he said about it, did not transpire.

A stagnant kind of atmosphere seemed to hang over us just then, like the heavy, unnatural calm that precedes the storm. Sir Dace got weaker day by day, more of a shadow; Herbert Tanerton and his brother were still at variance, so far as Jack's future was concerned; and Mr. Chandler seemed to have taken up his abode in London for good.

"Does he *never* mean to come back?" demanded Alice one day of the squire: and her lips and cheeks were red with fever as she asked it. The truth was, that some cause of Paul and Chandler's then on at Westminster was prolonging itself out — even when it did begin — unconsciously.

One morning I met Ben Rymer as he was leaving Oxlip Grange. Coralie Fontaine had walked with him to the gate, talking earnestly, their two heads together. Ben shook hands with her and came out, looking as grave as a judge.

"How is Sir Dace?" I asked him. "Getting on?"

"Getting off," responded Ben. "For that's what it will be now; and not long first, unless he mends."

"Is he worse?"

"He is nearly as bad as he can be, to be alive. And yesterday he must needs go careering off to Islip by himself to transact some business with Paul the lawyer! He was no more fit for it than — than *this* is," concluded Ben, giving a flick to his silk umbrella as he marched off. Ben went in for silk umbrellas now: in the old days a cotton one would have been too good for him.

"I am so sorry to hear Sir Dace is no

better," I said to Coralie Fontaine, who had waited at the gate to speak to me.

Coralie shook her head. Some deep feeling sat in her generally passive face: the tears stood in her eyes.

"Thank you, Johnny Ludlow. It is very sad. I feel sure Mr. Rymer has given up all hope, though he does not say so to me. Verena looks nearly as ill as papa. I wish we had never come to Europe!"

"Sir Dace exerts himself too greatly, Mr. Rymer says."

"Yes; and worries himself also. As if his affairs needed as much as a thought! — I am sure they must be just as straight and smooth as yonder green plain. He had to see Mr. Paul yesterday about some alteration in his will, and went to Islip, instead of sending for Paul here. I thought he would have died when he got home. Papa has a strange restlessness upon him. Good-bye, Johnny. I'd ask you to come in but that things are all so miserable."

III.

It was late in the evening, getting towards bedtime. Mrs. Todhetley had gone up-stairs with the face-ache, Tod was over at old Coney's, and I and the squire were sitting alone, when Thomas surprised us by showing in Tom Chandler. We did not know he was back from London.

"Yes, I got back this evening," said he, as he sat down near the lamp, and spread some papers out on the table. "I am in a bit of a dilemma, Mr. Todhetley; and I am come here at this late hour to put it before you."

Chandler's voice had dropped to a mysterious whisper; his eyes were glancing at the door to make sure it was shut. The squire pushed up his spectacles and drew his chair nearer. I sat on the opposite side, wondering what was coming.

"That suspicion of Alice Tanerton's — that Sir Dace killed Pym," went on Chandler, his left hand resting on the papers, his eyes on the squire's, "I think it was a true one."

"A what?" cried the *pater*.

"A true one. That Sir Dace did kill him."

"Goodness bless me!" gasped the squire, his good old face taking a lighter tint. "What on earth do you mean, man?"

"Well, I mean just that," answered Chandler. "And I feel myself to be, in

consequence, in an uncommonly awkward position. One can't well accuse Sir Dace, a man close upon the grave; and Paul's relative in addition. And yet, Captain Tanerton must be cleared."

"I can't make top or tail of what you mean, Tom Chandler!" cried the squire, blinking like a bewildered owl. "Don't you think you are dreaming?"

"Wish I was," said Tom, "so far as this business goes. Look here. I'll begin at the beginning and go through the story. You'll understand it then."

"It's more than I do now. Or Johnny, either. Look at him!"

"When Mrs. John Tanerton brought to us that accusation of Sir Dace, on the strength of her dream," began Chandler, after glancing at me, "I thought she must have turned a little crazy. It was a singular dream; there's no denying that; and the exact resemblance to Sir Dace Fontaine of the man she saw in it, was still more singular: so much so, that I could not help being impressed by it. Another thing that strongly impressed me, was Captain Tanerton's testimony: from the moment I heard it and weighed his manner in giving it, I felt sure of his innocence. Revolving these matters in my own mind, I resolved to go to Sir Dace and get him to give me his version of the affair; not in the least endorsing in my own mind her suspicion of him, or hinting at it to him, you understand; simply to get more evidence. I went to Sir Dace, heard what he had to say, and brought away with me a most unpleasant doubt."

"That he was guilty?"

"That he might be. His manner was so confused, himself so agitated when I first spoke. His hands trembled, his lips grew white. He strove to turn it off, saying I had startled him, but I felt a very queer doubt arising in my mind. His narrative had to be drawn from him; it was anything but clear, and full of contradictions. 'Why do you come to me about this?' he asked: 'have you heard anything?' 'I only come to ask you for information,' was my answer: 'Mrs. John Tanerton wants the matter looked into. If her husband is not guilty, he ought to be cleared in the face of the world.' 'Nobody thinks he was guilty,' retorted Sir Dace in a shrill tone of annoyance. 'Nobody was guilty: Pym must have fallen and injured himself.' I came away from the interview, as I tell you, with my doubts very unpleasantly stirred," resumed Chandler; "and

it caused me to be more earnest in looking after odds and ends of evidence in London than I otherwise might have been."

"Did you pick up any?"

"Ay, I did. I turned the people at the Marylebone lodgings inside out, so to say; I found out a Mrs. Ball, where Verena Fontaine had hidden herself; and I quite haunted Dame Richenough's in Ship Street, Tower Hill. There I met with Mark Ferrar. A piece of good fortune, for he told me something that —"

"What was it?" gasped the squire, eagerly.

"Why, this — and a most important piece of evidence it is. That night, not many minutes before the fatal accident must have occurred, Ferrar saw Sir Dace Fontaine in Ship Street, watching Pym's room. He was standing in an entry on the opposite side of the street, gazing across at Pym's. This, you perceive, disproves one fact testified to — that Sir Dace spent that evening shut up in his library at home. Instead of that he was absolutely down on the spot."

The squire rubbed his face like a helpless man. "Why could not Ferrar have said so at the time?" he asked.

"Ferrar attached no importance to it; he thought Sir Dace was but looking over to see whether his daughter was at Pym's. But Ferrar had no opportunity of giving testimony: he sailed away the next morning in the ship. Nothing could exceed his astonishment when I told him in London that Captain Tanerton lay under the suspicion. He has taken Crabb on his way to Worcester to support this testimony if needful, and to impart it privately to Tanerton."

"Well, it all seems a hopeless puzzle to me," returned the *pater*. "Why on earth did not Jack speak out more freely, and say he was not guilty?"

"I don't know. The fact, that Sir Dace did go out that night," continued Chandler, "was confirmed by one of the maids in the Marylebone Road — Maria; a smart girl with curled hair. She says Sir Dace had not been many minutes in the library that night, to which he went straight from the dinner-table in a passion, when she saw him leave it again, catch up his hat with a jerk as he passed through the hall, and go out at the front door. It was just after Ozias had been to ask him whether he would take some coffee, and got sent away with a flea in his ear. Whether or not Sir Dace came in during the evening, Maria does not

know; he may, or may not, have done so; but she did see him come home in a cab at ten o'clock, or soon after it. She was gossiping with the maids at a house some few doors off, when a cab stopped near to them; Sir Dace got out of it, paid the man, and walked on to his own door. Maria supposed the driver had made a mistake in the number. So you see there can be no doubt that Sir Dace was out that night."

"He was certainly in soon after ten," I remarked. "Verena came home about that time, and she saw him down-stairs."

"Don't you bring *her* name up, Johnny," corrected the squire. "That young woman led to all the mischief. Running away, as she did—and sending us off to that waxwork show in search of her! Fine figures they cut, some of those dumb things!"

"I found also," resumed Chandler, turning over his papers, on which he had looked from time to time, "that Sir Dace met with one or two slight personal mishaps that night. He sprained his wrist, accounting for it the next morning by saying he had slipped in getting into bed; and he lost a little piece out of his shirt-front."

"Out of his shirt-front!"

"Just here," and Chandler touched the middle button of his shirt. "The button-hole and a portion of the linen round it had been torn away. Nothing would have been known of that but for the laundress. She brought the shirt back before putting it into water, lest it should be said she had done it in the washing. Maria remembered this, and told me. A remarkably intelligent girl, that."

"Did Maria—I remember the girl—suspect anything?" asked the squire.

"Nothing whatever. She does not now; I accounted otherwise for my enquiries. Altogether, what with these facts I have told you, and a few minor items, and Ferrar's evidence, I can draw but one conclusion—that Sir Dace Fontaine killed Pym."

"I never heard such a strange thing!" cried the *pater*. "And what's to be done?"

"That's the question," said Chandler. "What *is* to be done?" And he left us with the doubt.

Well, it turned out to be quite true; but I have not space here to go more into detail. Sir Dace Fontaine was guilty, and the dream was a true dream.

"Did you suspect him?" the squire

asked privately of Jack, who was taken into counsel the next day.

"No, I never suspected Sir Dace," Jack answered. "I suspected some one else—Verena."

"No!"

"I did. About half past eight o'clock that night, Ferrar had seen a young lady—or somebody dressed as one—watching Pym's house from the opposite entry: just where, it now appears, he later saw Sir Dace. Ferrar thought it was Verena Fontaine. A little later, in fact just after the calamity must have occurred, Alfred Saxby also saw a young lady running from the direction of the house, whom he also took to be Verena. Ferrar and I came to the same conclusion—I don't know about Saxby—that Verena must have been present when it happened. I thought that, angry at the state Pym was in, she might have given him a push in her vexation, perhaps inadvertently, and that he fell. Who knew?"

"But Verena was elsewhere that evening, you know; at a concert."

"I knew she said so; but I did not believe it. Of course I know now that both Ferrar and Saxby were mistaken; that it was somebody else they saw, who bore, one must imagine, some general resemblance to her."

"Well, I think you might have known better," cried the squire.

"Yes, I suppose I ought to. But, before the inquest had terminated, I chanced to be alone with Verena; and her manner—nay, her words, two or three she said—seemed to imply her guilt, and also a consciousness that I must be aware of it. I had no doubt at all from that hour."

"And is it for that reason, consideration for her, that you have partially allowed suspicion to rest upon yourself?" pursued the squire, hotly.

"Of course. How could I be the means of throwing it upon a defenceless girl?"

"Well, John Tanerton, you are a chivalrous goose!"

"Verena must have known the truth all along."

"That's not probable," contended the squire. "And Chandler wants to know what is to be done."

"Nothing at all, that I can see," answered Jack. "Sir Dace is not in a condition to have trouble thrown upon him."

Good Jack! generous Jack! There are not many such self-denying spirits in the world.

And what would have been done is beyond guessing, had Sir Dace not solved the difficulty himself. Solved it by dying.

But I must first tell of a little matter that happened. Although we had heard what we had, one could not treat the man cavalierly, and the squire — just as good at heart as Jack — went up to make enquiries at Oxlip Grange, as usual. One day he and Colonel Letsom strolled up together, and were asked to walk in. Sir Dace wished to see them.

"If ever you saw a living skeleton, it's what he is," cried the squire to us when he came home. "It is in the nature of the disease, I believe, that he should be. Dress him up in his shroud, and you'd take him for nothing but bones."

Sir Dace was in the easy-chair by his bedroom fire, Coralie sitting with him. By his side stood a round table with papers and letters upon it.

"I am glad you have chanced to call," he said to them, as he sent Coralie away. "I wanted my signature witnessed by some one in influential authority. You are both county magistrates."

"The signature to your will," cried the squire, falling to that conclusion.

"Not my will," answered Sir Dace. "That is settled."

He turned to the table, his long, emaciated, trembling fingers singling out a document that lay upon it. "This is a declaration," he said, "which I have written out myself, being of sound mind, you perceive, and which I wish to sign in your presence. I testify that every word written in it is truth; I, a dying man, swear that it is so, before God."

His shaky hands scrawled his signature, Dace Fontaine; and the squire and Colonel Letsom added theirs to it. Sir Dace then sealed up the paper, and made them each affix his seal also. He then tottered to a cabinet standing by the bed's head, and locked it up in it.

"You will know where to find it when I am gone," he said. "I wish some one of you to read it aloud, after the funeral, to those assembled here. When my will shall have been read, then read this."

On the third day after this, at evening, Sir Dace Fontaine died. We heard no more about anything until the day of the funeral, which took place on the following Monday. Sir Dace left a list of those he wished invited to it, and they went. Sir Robert Tenby, Mr. Brandon, Colonel Letsom and his eldest son; the parsons of Timberdale, Crabb, and Islip; the three

doctors who had attended him; old Paul and Tom Chandler; Captain Tanerton, and ourselves.

He was buried at Islip, by his own directions. And when we got back to the Grange, after leaving him in the cold churchyard, Mr. Paul read out the will. Coralie and Verena sat in the room in their deep mourning. Coralie's eyes were dry, but Verena sobbed incessantly.

Apart from a few legacies, one of which was to his servant Ozias, his property was left to his two daughters, in equal shares. The chief legacy, a large one, was left to John Tanerton — three thousand pounds. You should have seen Jack's face of astonishment as he heard it. Herbert looked as if he could not believe his ears. And Verena glanced across at Jack with a happy flush.

"Papa charged me, just before he died, to say that a sealed paper of his would be found in his private cabinet, which was to be read out now," spoke Coralie, in the pause which ensued, as old Paul's voice ceased. "He said Colonel Letsom and Mr. Todhetley would know where to find it," she added; breaking down with a sob.

The paper was fetched, and old Paul was requested to read it. So he broke the seals.

You may have guessed what it was: a declaration of his guilt — if guilt it could be called. In a straightforward manner he stated the particulars of that past night: and the following is a summary of them.

Sir Dace went out again that night after dinner, not in secret, or with any idea of secrecy; it simply chanced, he supposed, that no one saw him go. He was too uneasy about Verena to rest; he fully believed her to be with Pym; and he went down to Ship Street. Before entering the street he dismissed the cab, and proceeded cautiously to reconnoitre, believing that if he were seen, Pym would be capable of concealing Verena. After looking about till he was tired, he took up his station opposite Pym's lodgings — which seemed to be empty — and stayed, watching, until close upon nine o'clock, when he saw Pym enter them. Before he had time to go across, the landlady began to close the shutters; while she was doing it, Captain Tanerton came up, and went in. Captain Tanerton came out in a minute or two, and walked quickly back up the street: he, Sir Dace, would have gone after him to ask him whether Verena was indoors with Pym, or not,

but the captain's steps were too fleet for him. Sir Dace then crossed over, opened the street door, and entered Pym's parlor. A short, sharp quarrel ensued. Pym was in liquor, and—consequently—insolent. In the heat of passion Sir Dace—he was a strong man then—seized Pym's arm, and shook him. Pym flew at him in return like a tiger, twisted his wrist round, and tore his shirt. Sir Dace was furious then; he struck him a powerful blow on the head—behind the ear no doubt, as the surgeons testified afterwards—and Pym fell. Leaving him there, Sir Dace quitted the house quietly, never glancing at the thought that the blow could be fatal. But, when seated in a cab on the way home, the idea suddenly occurred to him—what if he had killed Pym? The conviction, though he knew not why, or wherefore, that he had killed him, took hold of him, and he went into his house, a terrified man. The rest was known, the manuscript went on to say. He allowed people to remain in the belief that he had not been out of doors that night: though how bitterly he repented not having declared the truth at the time, none could know, save God. He now, a dying man, about to appear before that God, who had been full of mercy to him, declared that this was the whole truth, and he further declared that he had no intention whatever of injuring Pym; all he thought was, to knock him down for his insolence. He hoped the world would forgive him, though he had never forgiven himself; and he prayed his daughters to forgive him, especially Verena. He would counsel her to return to the West Indies, and marry George Bazalgette.

That ended the declaration: and an astounding surprise it must have been to most of the eager listeners. But not one ventured to make any comment on it, good or bad. The legacy to John Tanerton was understood now. Verena crossed the room as we were filing out, and put her two hands into his.

"I have had a dreadful fear upon me that it was papa," she whispered to him, the tears running down her cheeks. "Nay, worse than a fear: a conviction. I think you have had the same, Captain Tanerton, and that you have generously done your best to screen him; and I thank you with my whole heart."

"But indeed," began Jack—and pulled himself up, short.

"Let me tell you all," said Verena. "I saw papa come in that night: I mean to our lodgings in the Marylebone Road, so I knew he had been out. It was just past ten o'clock; Ozias saw him too—but he is silent and faithful. I did not want papa to see me; fate, I suppose, made me back into that little room, papa's library, until he should have gone up-stairs. He did not go up; he came into the room: and I hid myself behind the window curtain. I cannot describe to you how strange papa looked; *dreadful*; and he groaned and flung up his arms as one does in despair. It frightened me so much that I said nothing to anybody. Still I had not the key to it: I thought it must be about me: and the torn shirt—for I saw that, and saw him button his coat over it—I supposed he had, himself, done accidentally. I drew one of the glass doors softly open, got out that way, and up to the drawing-room. Then you came in with the news of Edward's death. At first, for a day or so, I thought as others did—that suspicion lay on you. But, gradually, all these facts impressed themselves on my mind in their startling reality; and I felt, I saw, it could have been no other than he—my poor father. Oh, Captain Tanerton, forgive him! Forgive me!"

"There's nothing to forgive; I am sorry it has come out now," whispered Jack, deeming it wise to leave it at that, and he stooped and gave her the kiss of peace.

So this was the end of it. Of the affair which had so unpleasantly puzzled the world, and tried Jack.

Jack, loyal, honest-hearted Jack, shook hands with everybody, giving a double shake to Herbert's, and went forthwith down to Liverpool.

"I will take the 'Rose of Delhi' again, now," he said to the Freemans. "For this next voyage, at any rate."

"And for many a one after it, we hope, Captain Tanerton," was their warm answer. And Jack and his bright face went direct from the office to New Brighton, to tell Aunt Dean.

And what became of the Miss Fontaines, you would like to ask? Well, I have not time at present to tell you about Coralie; I don't know when I shall have. But, if you'll believe me, Verena took her father's advice, sailed back over the seas, and married George Bazalgette.

From The Fortnightly Review.

RECENT EVENTS IN ARABIA.

IT is now sixteen years and more since Mr. Palgrave published his admirable sketch of that strange corner of the earth, the Arabian peninsula. Most readers will remember it, for it came upon the world of Asiatic literature almost as a revelation. Till then no one in Europe, not even such accomplished orientlists as Sir Henry Rawlinson or Sir Henry Layard, knew anything definite about the lands which lay beyond the great Nefuds, or understood the political ideas and social traditions by which they were governed; while to the mass of Eastern travellers Arabia was more absolutely a garden sealed than were the valleys of Kashgar or the steppes of Chinese Tartary. English officers, indeed, on their road to India had for some years become accustomed to the blue line of barren hills which form the eastern coast of the Red Sea, but their speculations had hardly ventured to carry them beyond. Aden was in our occupation, with some miles of the desert round it, and Mecca had been visited by Captain Burton. Oman and a few points on the Persian Gulf were known; but farther than that European knowledge did not go. Mr. Palgrave's account, then, came to those curious in Eastern matters like a sudden illumination in the midst of darkness; and though now recognized in some of its details as too highly colored, it has ever since retained its place as the standard authority on modern Arabia.

From that date, however, 1864, till now, 1880, nothing further has transpired respecting the countries thus made known to us. A darkness, if anything more impenetrable than before, has settled down upon the peninsula; and at the present moment it may be pretty safely affirmed that there is no one in England who would venture to state off-hand what are the existing political divisions of Arabia, and how many of them are actually garrisoned by the sultan's troops. Certainly twelve months ago I put the question to the Turkish Department at the Foreign Office and could get no reply, or rather the reply given proved so singularly the reverse of accurate that it was worse than none.

In these circumstances, and taking into consideration the fact that Turkish Arabia will in all probability be among the first of the sultan's provinces to attract public attention by disowning his authority, I

trust that I shall be excused if I venture to describe the actual state of the peninsula. Much has happened there in the last sixteen years to make Mr. Palgrave's account no longer correct, and much, if one dare to prophesy, will happen before another year is out. At any moment English ministers may be called upon to decide what part they will take in a struggle between Arab and Ottoman; and it is right that the position should not be misunderstood. Already there are signs on the earth, if not in the heavens, which foretell an immediate issue. Rumor has for months been rife in Syria of a rising of the tribes towards the south against their Turkish oppressors, and as I write news comes from Jedda of the assassination of the sherif of Mecca, an event which, read it as we may (and it admits of a double interpretation), cannot be without significance on the immediate future of western Asia.

It was my good fortune to spend a portion of last winter in central Arabia, and to travel for upwards of a month with the Meccan pilgrimage on its return from the shrines; and I naturally saw there and heard much which will be news to Europeans. There, for the first time since 1864, I enjoyed with European eyes the spectacle of that ancient social life of Arabia which is so real and yet so singular a phase of civilization, and listened on the spot to the tale of Arabian politics, a tale which recalls so vividly the events of our own age of chivalry. There I was able to verify much of what Mr. Palgrave had already recorded, and to take up the thread of Nejd history at the point where he had left it. I also heard from Arab lips the story of the decline of Wahhabism and the fall of the Ibn Saouds, and learned in detail the truth of those strange episodes, Midhat Pasha's filibustering expedition in the Persian Gulf, the Turkish advance on Yemen, and the raid on Jôf; all three undertakings belonging to the short period of Turkey's military recrudescence, which began with the English loan of 1857 and ended with the defeat on the Balkans in 1877. These things at least are new, if not of general interest, and may very well serve as an introduction to the sketch which I could add of a free Arabian State, the legitimate product of a purely Asiatic civilization, yet possessed of all those blessings we are accustomed to connect in our minds only with Europe. Englishmen should rejoice to hear that there is at least in one corner of Asia a State where life and property

are absolutely secure, where justice is impartial, taxation light, military service voluntary, and where a prosperous and happy people cheerfully acquiesce in the established forms of law. The spectacle of such a State should even suggest something not dreamed of yet in their philosophy, to our statesmen wearied with the tale of Oriental corruption and Oriental tyranny, and impatient of the failure of European methods in civilizing Asia.

It will be remembered that when Mr. Palgrave took his final leave of Arabia, in the spring of 1864, Feysul ibn Saoud, the descendant and successor of the Wahhabi "sultans of Nejd," who at the beginning of the present century held all Arabia from Palmyra in the north to the shores of the Indian Sea, was still alive, an old man and blind, but a powerful ruler and a saintly personage in Aared. By skilful management during a long reign, he had restored the Wahhabi power, crushed by Mehemet Ali, almost to its old position in Arabia, and had become master of nearly two-thirds of the peninsula. Riad was his capital, and from that central position he governed all Nejd with Ibn Rashid for his satrap at Hail and Bereyda and Oneyzeh subdued. Hasa, with half the western seaboard of the Persian Gulf from Queyt to Katr, and the island of Bahrein acknowledged him; and in the north he took tribute from the distant oases of Jof and Kaf to within one hundred miles of the Syrian frontier. This dominion of the Wahhabis was then the principal State in Arabia, and appeared to Mr. Palgrave so flourishing that he predicted its ultimate re-establishment over the whole peninsula.

The possessions of the Turkish sultan were at that time limited to the holy cities of the Hejaz with the road thence to Damascus, which were held on a precarious military tenure. Yemen was still independent with the exception of Mokha on the coast; and in the extreme south-east Oman, with a powerful navy, had nothing to fear from the sultan's ships. The Suez Canal was not then an accomplished fact.

But with the opening of the Red Sea and Persian Gulf to cruisers from the Bosphorus, and with the sense of increased power born of full coffers, the produce of the English loan, and of an army equipped with arms of precision, came dreams of conquest to the imperial government. The Arabian continent had always been claimed by the sultans as part of their inheritance from the caliphs,

and now was the moment to assert their claim. The garrisons of Mecca and the Hejaz were increased. A Turkish fleet was sent to the Red Sea; and Midhat Pasha, a man of a restless, unquiet temper, despatched to Bagdad with orders to make a display of vigor on the Euphrates, and to watch his time for extending the sultan's influence in any direction in which it might seem to him advisable. The opportunity soon occurred.

In 1865, Feysul ibn Saoud, the old blind imam of the Wahhabis, died, and Nejd became convulsed by one of those wars of succession which have always been the misfortune of Arabia. His two sons Abdallah and Saoud, either supported by an important faction in the State, divided for a while the inheritance between them. Abdallah, a rigid Wahhabi, held the towns where Wahhabism was in its strength; Saoud the country where the Bedouins were delighted to find a champion in their struggle with despotism, religious and political. And thus matters stood for several years. Then they came to blows, and the Bedouins had the best of it. Abdallah was driven out of Aared, and Saoud took possession of the capital. In the mean time, while the brothers were fighting in Aared, the Wahhabi kingdom had fallen suddenly to pieces. The outlying district of Jof was the first to go. Then followed Kasim and Jebel Shammar, whose sheykhs, never more than vassals, now refused tribute altogether and declared themselves independent princes. The island of Bahrein also, and El Hasa, the maritime province of the Persian Gulf, discarded their allegiance, and when Saoud at last found himself established at Riad, it was only as emir of the small district bounded by the Jebel Toweik and the lesser Nefuds. The rest of the empire had reverted to that ancient form of shepherd rule which has existed from all time in Arabia and which I intend presently to describe.

Here for a while I leave Saoud and follow the fortunes of the elder brother. Abdallah, turned out of Aared, made his way with a few followers to Jebel Shammar, and appeared at the court of Metaab ibn Rashid, his father's former feudatory, as a suppliant. He was politely received and treated as a guest; but no offer of assistance, except in the matter of asylum, was made him, and he retired to wait for better fortune in the little oasis of Taybetism, on the extreme north-eastern frontier of Nejd. Here he made acquaintance

(for Taybetism lies on the pilgrim road between Mecca and the Euphrates) with certain *tajers* of Meshhed Ali, wandering merchants who occasionally penetrate to Nejd, and learned from them such particulars of Midhat's character and policy as decided him to call in the intervention of the Turks in the affairs of his native country.

Midhat Pasha's character has been so strangely misconceived in England, that a few words about him may not be out of place. He is a man of extremely moderate abilities, below rather than above the average intellectually of the class to which he belongs. He has neither special talents nor special education to distinguish him from his fellows, and his ideas of statecraft in no way differ from that traditional wisdom of the Turkish official world which Europe is accustomed to condemn because it is the embodiment of an evil experience amassed through many centuries of misrule. His patriotism is essentially an assertion of the sultan's prerogative, his method of government a rude application of force, for by the impatient bent of his mind, Midhat prefers, of the two Turkish methods, force to fraud. On two points, and two points only, is he in sympathy with European thought. He loves power better than money; and he is devoured by a restless need of action. The first has given him the reputation he enjoys of personal integrity, the second has made him the representative of the party of progress in Turkey. Midhat's motto, if he were capable of condensing his vague ambitions into a single phrase, would be the ancient one of Spain, "*Plus ultra.*" He would move on, no matter how, no matter whither. For an Ottoman there is originality in this, but here his merit ends. The history of Midhat's career is a history of abortive schemes, some good, some bad, but every one a failure. His projects, not always his own, have been sometimes well conceived, but have been always beggared in their issue through lack of knowledge and lack of power. Midhat is incapable of consecutive thought, of working out details. His plans are those of adventurers, chiefly European, who have taught him to parody the language of Europe and helped him to empty the public purse according to European methods. During the short term of his government at Bagdad, Midhat Pasha managed to squander, according to official calculation, sums amounting to three or four millions sterling. But

those were the halcyon days of Turkish finance.

To such a man it may be readily conceived the proposal of Abdallah ibn Saoud that he should help him to regain his throne in Nejd came as an answer from heaven. The project was a great, perhaps an impossible one, and therefore must be taken in hand at once. Midhat returned an answer that he would advance that very spring (1871) with twenty thousand men to Riad, and ordered Abdallah to send him guides for the desert. The Porte approved his plan, the army was assembled, not indeed of twenty, but of ten thousand men, and a firman was issued at Constantinople nominating the recreant Abdallah "our caimakam and lieutenant-governor of Riad in our vilayet of Nejd," and then, just as all was ready, it was discovered that the road to Nejd lay across four hundred miles of desert containing neither town nor village, and but scantily supplied with water from a few wells not seldom dry. The conquest of Nejd was therefore, as quickly as it had been conceived, abandoned.

Not so, however, Midhat's ambition. Although Nejd itself lay out of reach, the Nejd empire possessed one vulnerable point to Turkish aggression in the maritime province of Hasa, which formed a dependency rather than an integral part of the Wahhabi State. It lay upon the shores of the Persian Gulf, and was therefore accessible to a power holding command by sea. To Hasa, then, Midhat directed his balked attention, and he resolved its conquest. The only difficulty lay with England.

England for many years had taken the Persian Gulf under her protection. The Indian fleet, in the interests of commerce and for the suppression of piracy, had performed the duty of keeping the police of the sea in those waters and with the most beneficent results. The rule laid down and maintained of allowing no armed vessels on any pretext to navigate the gulf, had resulted in the extinction of piracy. Though declining to interfere by land, England had succeeded in putting an end to those time-honored *ghazus*, or raids, which each coast village made on its neighbor by sea. An absolute peace reigned in the gulf; and the maritime tribes, grown prosperous, had entered into trade relations with India, which were an advantage to all concerned. The sheykhs of the various towns of the Arabian coast had been induced, one by one, to accept what was called the "Truce of the Gulf,"

by which, under English guarantee, they consented to disarm and live at peace with their neighbors. This system did not, it is true, formally include the district of Hasa; but the Wahhabi government had conformed to the general police regulations, and its towns enjoyed the general protection. It was therefore to be feared that England might not readily consent to a disturbance of so admirable a state of things, and one which she had been at so much pains to create.

Fortunately, however, Sir Henry Elliot was then at Constantinople, and Lord Granville at the Foreign Office, and to them it was not impossible to explain that Midhat's projected attack upon a peaceful community was not the filibustering raid it seemed, but a righteous enforcement of imperial power on a rebel province of the sultan's. The old claim of the sultan to sovereignty over Arabia was dragged forth from the limbo in which it had so long slumbered, and in the appropriate phraseology of European diplomacy was presented as an unanswerable argument. An insurrection had occurred in Nejd, the imperial officials had suspended their functions,—the safety of the sultan's subjects was imperilled,—his Majesty's government could no longer tolerate such a discreditable state of things,—order had been too long compromised—the sultan's authority must be vindicated—and the rest. Then the famous firman, antedated to 1865, was produced, in which Abdallah ibn Saoud figured as caimakam, and Nejd as a province of the empire. To make a long story short, permission was granted at St. James's, and, in spite of the protests of the Indian government, Midhat was allowed to convey his troops in unarmed vessels and land them at Katif.

Thus, by the connivance of England, the unfortunate province of El Hasa, with its free and prosperous Arab population, became a prey to the Turks, with what results I leave those learned in Ottoman history to determine. The work of ruin and demoralization has lasted now for seven years, and the effect is already very apparent in the decreasing trade and industry of the gulf. The Turks, naturally detested by those whom they have enslaved, have from the first fostered the passion of internecine war, which is the misfortune of the Arab race. To divide and rule has always been their motto, and the Arabs are only too easy to divide.

The bait has been held out to these unfortunate coast towns of a connivance at

piracy, and this has made the Turkish rule in a sort of way accepted by them. The right to fly the Turkish flag has even been demanded of late years by some of the independent "trucial chiefs;" and the eastern coast has been demoralized. In vain the Indian government protests. Turkey has been allowed to work her will.

But to conclude the history of this expedition. Midhat's army, after taking Katif by storm, and occupying the coast towns, was ordered to advance upon Riad, an undertaking which they soon found as impossible as it had been found from the Euphrates. Then Midhat seems to have tired of the whole thing. An abortive attempt, under circumstances of more than the usual Turkish perfidy, to gain possession of Bahreyn, was frustrated at last by England, whose morality was roused to action in favor of the island, while it had been content to watch events on the main land, and the whole thing, as things do in Turkey, dropped.

I am sorry to be obliged to add that Abdallah, the Count Julian of the invasion, gained his wicked ends. Force having failed against Riad, treachery was called into requisition by the Turks, and Saoud died suddenly, it is commonly believed by poison, and thus the way was cleared for Abdallah, who now reigns poorly in Aared, supported by the remnant of the Wahhabis; for the Bedouins have renounced his authority, and the empire of Nejd is at an end.

Of the other two expeditions launched by the Turks against independent Arabia, one has already attracted English notice from the fact that it narrowly escaped coming into collision with the British garrison of Aden. It started from Mecca in the same year 1871, and, having subjugated most of the towns of Yemen, appeared unexpectedly upon the British border. There, but for the prudence of the English officer in command, a serious disaster might have resulted to her Majesty's troops; for the garrison having left the shelter of the fortress found itself in the presence of a vastly superior and apparently hostile force; but the incident is too well known to need recounting. The second has, I believe, entirely escaped attention—so entirely, that I have been unable to ascertain in what year it occurred. About six or seven years ago, however, I learned from those concerned, a considerable force (I believe two thousand men) was sent by the valy of Damascus to the Jöf oasis, and after a very

remarkable march down the Wady Sirhan, reached its destination, and occupied the town. Such an expedition, made through such a region, can be only explained as another link in the chain of conquest which it was at that time the object of the imperial government to complete in assertion of the sultan's claims. It can have had no other motive, for Jôf is too poor to tempt with a hope of plunder, and too far to be permanently occupied. After a stay of some months, on remonstrance made to Medina and a threat of hostilities by the emir of Jebel Shammar, in whose district the oasis lies, the Ottoman column returned the way it came. The expedition has none the less served to exasperate the Arabs of Nejd still further against the Turks, who have always been despised as barbarians and hated as oppressors.

The Turkish position in Arabia is at the present moment to the last degree precarious. The sultan's defeat by the Russians is now becoming generally known and appreciated at its true value by the Bedouins, and the first visible sign of weakness will be a signal for their rising in the Hejaz and Hasa. The assassination of the sherif, to one who knows the ways of Turks and Arabs, seems most significant. It is no doubt quite possible that, as stated in the official report, the deed was committed by a Persian fanatic. The Persians and the Arabs, Shias and Sunis, are always at daggers drawn, and it is conceivable that a pilgrim, maddened by the treatment Persian pilgrims sometimes receive in the Hejaz, should have thus avenged his sect. But it may well be otherwise. It is beyond dispute that rumors were current some months ago of an Arab rising under this very sherif, and the Turks are old-fashioned enough in their methods with an enemy to take the first occasion offered of solving all doubts regarding him. It is not a little curious that the sherif's successor should be a man long resident at Constantinople, and one for that reason doubtless better trusted. These things are not provable; they are only probable, and probable because they have over and over again occurred in Turkish history.

Nor must it be forgotten how small is the respect felt by any class of Arabian society for the Ottoman caliph. The Arabs, though a highly moral race, are peculiarly little religious, the bent of their minds being practical, not devotional; and they are no respecters of persons.

To them dervishes and seyyids are in exceedingly slight estimation, and even saints and prophets are not seriously considered. It would be difficult to exaggerate the contempt an Arab of high birth feels for the degenerate successor of their "Nebbi Mohammed," not even an Arab, and the bastard descendant of twenty generations of slaves.* As a Turk the sultan is no less a foreigner to them, than the Muscovite czar or the empress of India.

But enough of this tale of Ottoman intrigue and Ottoman misrule. I would show as a contrast what Arabian political life can be when free from foreign domination.

Arabia must not be confounded with the rest of western Asia, where all is in decay, and all is corruption. Here there is neither fatalism, nor torpor, nor indifference. Politics play as prominent a part in thought at Hail, as they do at Paris or Madrid, and are quite as intelligently understood.

The Arab race is *alive*, as no other Asiatic race is alive, with the single exception of the Chinese, like whom it is practical, industrious, and physically vigorous. Scantly peopled as Arabia is, it has still a surplus population, and still sends out its emigrants from time to time into the northern deserts, just as it has done at any period of the last two thousand years. Whatever may be the case in the Hejaz, where Ottoman rule has prevailed, there is no sign elsewhere in Arabia of a lapse from higher to lower conditions of prosperity. In Nejd there are neither ruined cities nor abandoned fields, such as one meets with in every other part of western Asia. Hardly an acre of land capable of cultivation is there left unplanted. The traveller passing from the lands of the Turk into those of the independent Arab, is struck at once with the look of neatness and prosperity which pervades everything — the little fields of barley, tended each as a garden and fenced round with trim hedges of palm-boughs; the palm-groves laid out in squares for the purpose of irrigation, and laboriously supplied with water from wells often eighty and a hundred feet deep. Each town, and village, and outlying farm, surrounded by its wall, kept carefully in repair and rarely showing a single battlement missing, though, as these are of earth, they constantly require renewal; things trifling in themselves, yet a sure

* The sultan.

index of prosperity, just as are the clean fallows and clipped hedges of an English farm.

The soil of Arabia is a poor one, and the almost absolute want of rain makes cultivation impossible, except in the most favored situations. It is a mistake to suppose that in any part of the interior, except possibly in Yemen, there is a considerable tract of agricultural land. The truth is, that the whole of Nejd is a desert, and that the few cultivated patches that it can boast, have been rescued painfully from their natural aridity by purely artificial means.

There is no such thing as water above ground in any of the central plateaux, although these rise to the height of four thousand feet above the level of the sea. Even the granite range of Jebel Shammar boasts not a single stream. The towns and villages of Nejd are merely palm oases scattered over a vast upland of gravel, and separated from each other by huge, intervening wastes. Their *raison d'être* lies in their wells. Wherever water has been found at a few feet from the surface, there towns have been built and gardens planted. Their wealth is in their palm-groves, eked out by certain old-fashioned industries, and by trade with the Bedouins, who occupy the desert outside with their sheep and camels. The common home of the Bedouins, although they range over every part of Nejd, are the districts of red sand which are known as Nefuds. These, unlike the barren, gravelly upland, which is almost destitute of vegetation, provide them with perennial pasture in the shape of certain bushes and shrubs, and even grass. No peasantry, in the ordinary acceptation of the word, is found in Arabia, every one who is not a Bedouin being a townsman.

It is to the physical features of their land thus understood that the Arabs of Nejd owe the peculiar political institutions under which, with some interludes of foreign and domestic tyranny, they have lived and thrived for several thousand years. These I will endeavor to explain. The position of the towns of Nejd relatively to each other may be likened to that of the islands of an archipelago, or rather to several groups of islands. The desert surrounds them like the sea, and they have no point of contact one with the other in the shape of intervening fields or villages, or even intervening pastures. They are isolated in the most literal sense, and from this fact has sprung the political individuality which it

has always been their care to maintain. Each city is like an independent state.

As, however, the citizens of even Arabian towns are to a certain extent dependent on each other, and as, from the deficiency of the supply of food in many of them, compared with the wants of the inhabitants, they are obliged to send their caravans yearly to the seacoast or the Euphrates for corn, they have most of them come long ago to a *modus vivendi* while without their own walls, and in order to secure their communications have put themselves each under the protection of one of the principal Bedouin sheykhs of its district. He, on the consideration of a yearly tribute, has guaranteed them safety outside the city walls, and the citizens are thus able to travel perfectly unmolested as far as his jurisdiction extends. This vassalage to a common lord has, moreover, been a bond of union between them; and so the towns and villages of each group of oases have contracted ties of amity almost amounting to those of a common nationality.

This in its simplest form has been the political condition of Arabia from the first dawn of history. A further development, however, has ensued which connects it more nearly with the conditions of government observable elsewhere. The Bedouin sheikh, grown rich with the tribute of a score of towns, builds for himself a castle close to one of them. There, with the *prestige* of his rank (for Bedouin blood is still accounted purest), and backed by his power in the desert, he speedily becomes the practical ruler of the town, and from protector of the citizens becomes their sheikh. He now is dignified by them with the title of emir, and though still merely their sheikh, to the Bedouins becomes virtually sovereign of the oasis. Such were, no doubt, the "kings of Arabia" who came to visit Solomon, and such, it has been asserted, were the "shepherd Pharaohs" of Egypt, rulers from *without*, not from *within* the city. Such, too, at the present day are the Ibn Rashids and the Ibn Saouds of Nejd.

Admirably adapted, then, to the physical wants of the country, and sanctioned by immemorial usage, the "shepherd government" of Arabia is popular and effective. In a land where the Ottoman government, with all the power at its disposal, has never been able to maintain order outside the walls of its cities, or make the highways secure for life and property, the native system of rule has

succeeded in establishing an absolute peace. In the whole district of Jebel Shammar, embracing, as it does, some of the wildest deserts inhabited by some of the wildest people in the world, a traveller may go unarmed and unescorted without more let or hindrance than if he were following the high-road from Westminster to Brighton. On every highway in Jebel Shammar, townsmen may be found jogging on donkey-back alone, or on foot, carrying neither gun nor lance, and with all their wealth with them. If you ask about the dangers of the road, they will return the question, "Are we not here in Ibn Rashid's country?" No system, however perfect, of patrols, and forts, and escorts, could produce a result like this. Ibn Rashid, having unbounded power at his command in the desert, has only to decree that suspicious characters shall be summarily treated, and no outlaw will venture to remain an hour. The Bedouins will not disobey him.

In the town of Haïl the emir is equally respected, and there he exercises the traditional functions of an Arabian ruler in all their completeness. He resides in a castle, half within and half without the city, and maintains a body-guard of eight hundred men, dressed in the ordinary costume of Arabia, but armed with silver-hilted swords. These soldiers are clothed at the emir's expense, but receive from him neither pay nor rations, only a kind of pension for their families when serving out of Haïl. Their service is voluntary, the young men wishing to enlist inscribing themselves at the castle, and being called out as occasion requires. Their duties are light; no drill or discipline, more than for the daily parade at the Mejliss or public court of justice, and occasionally an act of police work. A few, however, are stationed in distant towns and forts to support the emir's authority, and these I believe receive pay. They are respectable, orderly men, and belong to the best class of citizens. Half-a-dozen of them are considered sufficient to keep order in all the Jôf oasis.

The emir holds a court of justice daily in the courtyard of his palace, when he settles personally all disputes. The forms of justice are very summary, no case that I saw occupying more than a few minutes; but as all is public, and there is no suspicion of partiality or corruption, the disputants appear contented that it should be so. Any one having a petition then presents it, and says what he has to say to the emir himself, who

gives an immediate answer. The citizens address him with O Emir! O Prince! — the Bedouins with O Sheykh! or simply, O Mohammed! As far as I could learn, disputes are settled rather by traditional usage than by any recognized code of law, though doubtless the Koran is sometimes appealed to. The criminal law is, according to all accounts, still simpler; a thief or robber taken red-handed for the first offence loses his hand, for the second his head. Thieving, however, even in the capital, is hardly known, and there had been no case of murder or homicide for many years.

The taxation of Jebel Shammar is light, and is levied in coin not kind, Turkish money being the recognized medium of exchange. It is collected in Haïl by the emir's officers, in the other districts by the local sheykh, the tax levied on each town or village being assessed according to the number of palm-trees it possesses. I believe fourpence a tree is about the amount, trees under seven years old being exempt. There is a small tax too for each sheep kept for the citizens by the Bedouins. This, with the tribute enforced from the subject tribes, and the tribute for protection paid by the towns, amounts to a yearly sum of perhaps £60,000, while the annual passage of the Persian pilgrimage through his dominions adds twenty or thirty thousand more to Ibn Rashid's exchequer. The princely family of Haïl, of whom Mohammed ibn Rashid, the present emir, is fifth in succession from its original founder, has always been distinguished for its intelligent management of finance. Without being parsimonious, for extreme liberality has been one of the principles of their statecraft, they have always looked closely to receipts and expenditure. No waste has been permitted, and each successive occupant of the throne (if such it can be called) has made it his business to amass treasure in gold and silver pieces. It is impossible to estimate the value of these savings made during a period of fifty years, but common report puts it at an immense sum. In any case, the State has no public debt, and its budget presents the spectacle of a large yearly surplus.

The form of government, though a despotism, is one very closely restricted by public opinion. The citizens of Jebel Shammar have not what we should call constitutional rights; there is no machinery among them for the assertion of their power; but there is probably no community in the old world where popu-

lar feeling exercises a more powerful influence on government than it does at Hail. The emir, irresponsible as he is in individual acts, knows well that he cannot transgress the traditional, unwritten law of Arabia with impunity. An unpopular sheykh would cease, *ipso facto*, to be sheykh, for though dethroned by no public ceremony, and subjected to no personal ill-treatment, he would find himself abandoned in favor of a more acceptable member of his family. The citizen soldiers would not support a recognized tyrant in the town, nor would the Bedouins outside. The princes of Arabia have therefore always to consider public opinion before all else. It has been the principle of the Ibn Rashids to secure popularity by a strict adherence to the ancient usages of Arabia, by a firm but impartial administration of justice, and by a boundless hospitality, for hospitality, as is well-known, is the first and greatest of all virtues in Arab estimation. From two to three hundred guests are fed daily at the emir's palace; the poor are clothed, and presents of camels and clothes made to strangers from a distance. In this way the name of Ibn Rashid has been carried on the wings of fame throughout the length and breadth of Arabia. Mohammed ibn Rashid, the present emir, has put himself at the head of what may be called the national party in Nejd, and is carrying all before him, to the discomfiture of the old rivals and suzerains of his house, the Ibn Saouds. These, representing the Wahhabi influence, are losing ground daily, and though there is no probability of a collision between the two emirs, divided as they are by a tract of Nefud, Ibn Rashid may yet find himself called upon to fill the throne of all central Arabia by a general proffer of allegiance from the tribes.

The Shammar clan, long the strongest and most numerous tribe in Nejd, is now supplemented in its allegiance to Mohammed by the Daffiri, the Sherarat, and many others in the northern deserts, while more than one of the sheykhs of Kasim and Aared have already sent in their tribute to Hail. It is conceivable that, gathering as it goes, this league of the tribes may one day embrace not merely Jebel Shammar, Kasim, and Aared, but even all Arabia. In the interest of those provinces now misgoverned by the Turks, this is a consummation devoutly to be wished.

And now I trust that I may have succeeded in my endeavor to enlist the sym-

pathy of readers on the side of true progress and true freedom in the struggle which may any day break out in Arabia, between the representatives of barbarism clothed in European forms, and civilization, real and living, though strange to us in its Semitic dress. All Europe knows the Turk, but who knows the Arab? Not those who spend their winter at Cairo, or their spring in Palestine, and who complain of the endless cry of *bakshish*, and the beggarly ways of the natives; not even those who have penetrated as far as Bagdad and mixed with the *fellahin* of the Tigris. The Arabic-speaking Copt of the Nile, and the Canaanite of Syria, are Arab only in language, and are without the political instincts inherent in the pure race; the bastard Iraqi has been for centuries a slave. These may never be worthy of their independence, or capable of a self-government of which they have lost the traditions; but they are not real Arabians, and should not be confounded with them. The real Arabian is as proud and self-respecting, and as fully entitled by his intellectual and moral powers to political freedom, as any free and independent citizen of any country in the world, far more so than either Bulgarian or Roumanian, on whose rights all Europe has been called to judge. It may not be the duty of England to free any race from bondage, but at least let this one have nothing further to reproach her with in the history of its enslavement. Fortunately the day of Ottoman tyranny in Asia is very near its close, and very near, too, if I may indulge a hope, is the complete and lasting freedom of Arabia.

WILFRID SAWEN BLUNT.

From Fraser's Magazine.

THE "CROOKIT MEG.:"

A STORY OF THE YEAR ONE.

XVIII.

I AM a poor hand at chronology: the only dates I can readily assimilate are those which come from the Mediterranean: but you will please to remember that the harvest-home at Achnagatt was on the Wednesday; that the conversation recorded in the last chapter took place on the Thursday; and that the "Crookit Meg" is timed to reach Longhaven on Monday night. So much for the days of the week: I must refer you to the col-

umns of the *Journal* if you are anxious to identify the days of the month.

Eppie was curiously restless during these intervening days. She sat talking dreamily to her mother, who was ill in bed, or wandered aimlessly about the farm and among the rocks. But no one came near her. There was the occasional white sail of a passing ship at sea. A flock of golden plover wheeled over the house: the melancholy wail of the curlew was heard from the distant mosses. The men were at work in some outlying fields. Mennie, her mother's old servant, flitted uneasily about her pale mistress, who seemed to her experienced eye to be growing thinner and frailer each successive day, — wasting away with the wasting year. And the weather was as still as the house; the noisy, equinoctial gales had exhausted their passion, and the days were soft and moist and warm, though the sun was invisible through the dull, steamy haze that rested on land and sea. It was that ghost of the Indian summer which visits Scotland in October.

At last Eppie could bear it no longer. She got Watty to saddle Bess, and she started by herself for a canter across the moors. The swift motion brought the blood into her cheeks. The little mare galloped gamely, and for an hour her mistress did not tighten the reins. Then of a sudden the pony came to a dead stop, — she had cast a shoe. It was well on in the Thursday afternoon.

Fortunately the mischance had occurred on the Saddle-hill within a few hundred yards of the Ale-house tavern. There is, or was, a smithy on the other side of the road. Eppie dismounted and led the mare to the smithy, which was growing effulgent as the darkness gathered. Rob Ranter, the smith, was absent; but a little imp, who had been blowing the bellows to keep his hand in, undertook to fasten the shoe which Eppie had picked up when she dismounted. The people of that district have a curious liking for diminutives; and this little imp of the forge was familiarly and affectionately known as "the deevilkie." Meantime Eppie, gathering up her skirt, sauntered across the road.

On the bench in front of the hostelry a familiar figure was seated. It was our old acquaintance Corbie, — the honest "liar." A pewter measure of spirits stood on the table before him: it was obvious that he had been drinking hard. Eppie eyed him curiously and coldly as he greeted her with drunken gravity.

"Ay, ay, my bonnie young leddie, — a

sicht o' a sonsy lass like you is guid for sair een. What wud you be pleased to tak? Lucky will be here presently. Come awa', Lucky, and attend to the young leddie. And so as I was sayin' when interruptit by your lordship," he continued, and a wicked gleam came into the drunken eyes — "I gaed down to Yokieshill to see Joe Hacket, — na, na — I'm wrang — Joe was the auld laird, and the auld laird's dead and damned. Preserve us a', that's actionable, and veritas convicii non excusat as they say in the courts. Or as the doctor pits it verra pleasantly, letters of cursing, says he, being the exclusive privilege o' the Kirk. Weel, you maun understan' as the morning was fine for the time o' year, I had the mear oot early and rode aff to vesit a client or twa. And first I gaed to Mains o' Rora, for the new millart has a gude-gangin' plea regardin' the sma' sequels o' the outsucken multure, — bannock, knaveship, lock-and-gowpen, and sic like. And Rora himsel' — the doited body — winna lat the tacksmen at Clola cut their peats in his moss, for he manteens, you see, that the clause cum petariis et turbariis is no in the charter. Another gill, Lucky, anither gill. But that, my dear, is a contestation that is not regarded wi' favor by the coort, for the servitude o' feal and divot may be constituted by custom, in like manner as the clause cum fabrilibus (whereof our gude freen Rob Ranter is an ensample) has fa'en into disuse. But these are kittle questions o' heritable richt, which maun be decided by the lords o' coonsel and session, — the market-cross o' Edinbro' and the pier and shore o' Leith being communis patria. And sae, my lord," — as he became tipsier he turned more frequently to the court, which he fancied he was addressing, — "being arrived at Yokieshill, as aforesaid, I tauld Mr. Hairy Hacket that it wud be convenient if he wud saddle the sma' account for business undertaken by me on the instructions o' his late feyther. You maun understan', my lord, that the account was maist rediculously sma' — nae aboon twa hundred poonds or thereby. Weel, he glowered at me like a hell-cat, and swore that not one doyt or bodle or plack o' his should gae into the pocket of a drucken scoonrel; drucken scoonrel, my lord, these were the verra words, for I made a note o' them at the time, and I wull tak' the oath de calumnia if your lordship pleases. 'Mr. Hairy Hacket,' says I, 'ye'll pay my taxed bill o' expenses by Mononday mornin', or by the Lord I'll see you oot o' Yokieshill.'

At this he jist gaed fairly gyte. Says he, coming up to me pale as death, and catchin' me by the back o' the neek, 'Oot you go in the first place, you leein' scamp,' — 'leelin' scamp, my lord; and whan he gat me ootside the door, he whistled to an ugly savage tyke that was lyin' in the sun. 'Nell,' says he to the bitch quite coolly, takin' oot his watch, 'if this infernal swindlin' scoonrel is not ootside the yard afore I count ten, gae him a taste o' your teeth.' Mercy on us, the beast looked up in his face wi' a low snarl. What's come o' the mutchkin, Lucky? Ay, ay, Mr. Hairy Hacket, — infernal swindler — leein' scamp — drucken scoonrel, — verra gude, — a conjoined action for defamation and assault, — damages laid at twa thoosan' poods, — not a penny less. Is't you indeed, Miss Eppie? Dear me, so you've come a' this gait to see the lords o' session and justiciar'. Come awa' ben, my dear, come awa' ben, — auld Joe Hacket is in the dock for bigamy, and I'm ceeted to speak — ceeted as a wutness, — if I'm no owre fou' — he added with a dazed look. "Yes, my lord, I was present, — John Hacket, bachelor, and Elspeth Cheyne, spinster — for life and for death, for better and for waur. But whur's the lines?" Here he pulled some papers out of his pocket, and flung them loose upon the table. "They were ill-matcht, my lord, ill-matcht. She culd na thole his black looks — I dinna wonner — and she ran aff wi' a sodger within the year. It was noised at the time that the ship gaed down in mid-sea. But auld Lucky tells me — what did Lucky say? — it was the day the 'Jan Mayen' cam hame — troth, my lord, I feel that a taste o' speerits, if the coort wudna objec' —"

Here his head fell forward on the table, and in another minute he was fast asleep.

Eppie had heard the first sentences of the lawyer's harangue without the least show of interest. She saw that the man was tipsy, and she stared him straight in the face with her native, chilly indifference. She did not pity him, nor was she afraid of him: let any man, tipsy or sober, dare to lay a hand upon her! So she sat down at the other end of the bench without uttering a word, and began switching the dust out of her habit with her whip. But when "Yokieshill" caught her ear, she turned and listened with closer attention. The legal and Latin phrases were, of course, quite unintelligible to her; but she contrived to follow the main current of the rambling narrative. This drunken, disreputable lawyer had become master

of a secret which made Harry Hacket — what? Her heart stood still with sudden fright. Who, and what was the man with whom she had established such perilously close relations? Was he the laird of Yokieshill, or was he not? And the whole story was to be found in these papers that lay scattered about the table. She saw the imp bringing her pony out of the smithy, and she rose to go. Then, with a sudden impulse, turning her back upon the boy, she swept the scattered papers together, and thrust them into her pocket. Corbie stirred and muttered in his sleep: but he did not waken. Then she mounted her steed and rode away.

Watty was waiting for her at the farm door, and took the pony. Eppie ran upstairs to her room. It was dark, — the half-veiled moon was rising from the sea like a nymph half-submerged, shaking the water from her dripping locks. She got a light, and then she pulled out the papers which she had — well — appropriated. Even to Eppie the significance of the story they told was clear as day. The first paper was a certificate showing that an irregular marriage had been celebrated at Inverurie on the 14th of May, 1760, between John Hacket of Yokieshill and Elspeth Cheyne, spinster, lately residing with Joshua Cheyne in Clola. (Eppie knew that the late Mrs. Hacket — Harry's mother — had been a Kilgoun — Jean Kilgoun of Logie.) Then there was a letter of somewhat later date with the Maryland post-mark, enclosing a draft in favor of Betsy Cheyne. The last letter was written from some place in Kentucky, and stated briefly that Elspeth Cheyne was dead. She had died about a week before the letter was written. The date and the signature were illegible; but Eppie found from the post-mark that it must have been posted during the year then current — the year one. That was all; but it was enough: Corbie had not exaggerated when he swore that he could turn Harry Hacket adrift. His father had left no disposition of his estate; and Yokieshill belonged, not to Harry the bastard, but to the legal heir — whoever he might be.

XIX.

I CANNOT tell exactly what passed through Eppie's soul during the next two days. Her mind was in a whirl. The unfamiliar restlessness which had taken possession of her increased more and more. She was as unquiet as the flock of plover which continued to wheel round

the farmhouse — haunting and hurting her with the burden of their plaintive lament. Her chilly serenity had deserted her — she was anxious, nervous, excited. A medical man who had felt her pulse then for the first time would have fancied that there was fever in her blood. Ambition had twisted its fibres round her heart; and she had seen her way at last to the high place which she coveted. She had, in a fashion, persuaded herself that she was in love with the prince, — this bluff Prince Hal, who had ascended the vacant throne, and who kept a seat for her by his side. And it was true that she had thawed to him; he had been considerate in his rough way: the world, she began to feel, had treated him hardly — had, it might be, even harder treatment in store for him. And, had her heart only been free to consent, there was a certain innate largeness in Eppie's nature, almost or indeed more than masculine in its supercilious magnanimity, and indifference to public opinion which would have kept her obstinately loyal to one born under an adverse and evil star. Yet it was, in truth, a very different force — a far more potent attraction — that had shattered at last the crust of her self-regard. The beginnings of life are full of mystery: so are the beginnings of love. Why Eppie's heart should have selected this precise moment to assert its rights will probably never be known: Eppie herself did not, I believe, know any more about it than the rest of us. But the fact remains: it was the secret sweetness of the hopes and memories with which the thought of Alister suddenly and unaccountably suffused her soul that had softened her, — softened the keen, hard eyes, and made the world which she saw through the mist of unfamiliar tears a world of unfamiliar tenderness. Ah! my poor Eppie, why did you not waken a little earlier? Is it possible that you can yet free yourself from the net which your own selfish pride has woven? can yet escape from the entanglements, the mean and base entanglements, in which you are caught? Or is it too late for redress?

Alas! The punishment of sin by some mysterious law is often delayed until the sin has been put away from us, and traitors to love are tried and convicted when their treason is dead and buried.

There is a piercing wail of delicious pain which we sometimes hear in music, as when the mermaid's song in "Oberon" is sung low and softly at twilight. Such a passion of longing and sadness

and exquisite abandonment took possession of Eppie's soul. It startled her, but it soothed her. She was mesmerized by the sweet, subtle, persuasive desire that had nestled itself like a bird-cupid in her heart.

She scarcely slept during these nights. She heard the murmur of the sea, — not the loud beat of noisy waves on pebbly beaches (for the high cliffs divide us from the strife at their feet), but the still, small voice of the mighty tides which circle majestically round the world. Her window was open, — she was as hardy as the plovers whose shrill challenge when a whittret or a fox came prowling past disturbed the mystery of the silence and the darkness. At times she heard Mennie stirring about her mother, and she rose in her bed and listened softly. A thrill of tenderness for the pale, silent, suffering woman in the room below touched her as it had not touched her before. The pitifulness of the doom which had thrust this strong, masterful will aside made her heart ache. Could it be that Fate was to bear her, was even now bearing her, yet further away from the little kingdom whose policy for many a year she had guided and inspired? Death is sad enough: but the few dreary days during which the sceptre of high command is falling from the listless, emaciated fingers are even sadder.

So that when the Sunday evening came and Alister arrived, Eppie's whole soul was swelling on the unfamiliar tide of tenderness. Tears came into her eyes on the slightest provocation. She had begun to understand that divine necessity of life which joins its joy and its sorrow together in mystic, inseparable union. We must needs reach the heights of joy before we perceive that they dip forever into an abyss of sadness. Eppie had reached this height. If Alister speaks out to-night, her casual glimpse into the deep places of the soul may become an habitual mood. And Alister means to speak out.

But the stars in their courses fought against Sisera.

XX.

THE provost and bailies of Peelboro' were met in solemn conclave. A special messenger from the south had arrived on horseback that morning — Friday morning — bringing an official letter addressed to the provost. On the cover, in a bold, masterful hand, the words "William Pitt" could be plainly read.

A crowd of excited sailors and fisher

folk were gathered round the door of the council chamber, for rumor as usual had been busy. The Jacobins were in possession of the metropolis—the French fleet was in the offing—the provost was to be knighted—a new battery was to be built on the Ronheads. It seemed, however, to be generally understood that Corbie was in possession of authentic intelligence; and his diplomatic disclaimers were treated with ill-concealed incredulity.

“Sir Roderick, indeed! A compliment to the burgh! Na, na, they’re ower busy to send compliments sae far north. And the provost’s a decent and deservin’ body, wha winna mak’ a fule o’ himsel’ at his time o’ life, tho’ it’s true, as they say, that there’s nae fule like an auld fule. A new battery? It’s not to be denied, Mrs. Lyell, that the rickle o’ auld stanes at the Ronhead is fa’in’ to pieces; but whar’s the siller to be fand? The Jacobites were bad eneuch, and the Jacobins are nae better, I grant you; but if we’re to be eaten oot o’ hoose and lan’ wi’ these murderin’ taxes, there’ll soon be little love for King George left in the country-side. Pawtriotism, my freens?—it’s not possible to be a pawtriot wi’ Glendronach at twenty shillings a gallon. And as to the French man-o-war aff Collieston—”

Here the provost appeared on the steps of the town-hall, and beckoned to the lawyer. Corbie obeyed the summons with alacrity.

“Look here, Corbie,” said the provost, when they were out of earshot of the crowd, “this is no a matter for argument, nor yet for a joke. I have never mysel’ had dealings with the free traders; and tho’ it is said that there are folk in the town wha dinna objec’ to traffic wi’ them—our freens in the council bein’ agreeable to wink when needfu’—I’m willing that by-ganes should be by-ganes. But, Corbie, my man, there maun be an end o’ the trade noo. They have heard in Lunnon that a’ that trash o’ French treason comes across the water on board the luggers; and the commodore has been warned that he’ll lose his place if anither cargo is landed this side o’ Newburgh. A troop o’ sodgers will be here next week, and ilka yard o’ the coast will be watched day and nicht. Noo, Corbie, ye ken verra weel what you’re aboot, and if you should hear by chance that ony o’ your acquaintance hae a taste for Hollands and French brandy, you might advise them privately to stick to the native speerit, as being, in the mean time

at least, *safer* for the stomach. Dinna say a word, my man—least said, soonest mended—I’m awa to get the doctor to compose a bit note to Mr. Pitt, for neither bailie nor provost, I reckon, has the pen of a ready writer.”

Corbie was sharp enough when sober (he had slept off yesterday’s debauch), and he saw the drift of the provost’s speech quite plainly. The provost, he knew, was, till roused, the soul of good-nature and good-fellowship; and the mere fact of his delivering this elaborate address proved that he was roused now. It was clear that the authorities had resolved, willingly or unwillingly, to set their faces against the trade; and that any one who was interested in it—and who was not?—had better look to himself with all convenient speed.

But Corbie was puzzled how to act. After his experience of yesterday he would have no more dealings with Mr. Harry Hacket except in a court of law—Harry might go hang for him; and besides, it was awkward that the documents on which he mainly relied should have unaccountably gone astray. He knew for certain that the “Crookit Meg” was daily expected: he knew that the cargo was of altogether exceptional value. What was to be done? The increase in the strength of the coastguard was not to take place for some days: could the landing be effected before the new-comers arrived? It had been whispered about that the cargo was to be run on the Monday night; but if the “Crookit Meg” was communicated with in time, it might be possible to get everything made snug before the close of the week then current—which would be a deal better. And if it came to the worst, there were twelve hours after sunset on Sunday; and in the year one—in a district, moreover, where an easy-going episcopacy had survived—Sabbatarianism was not rampant,—least of all among the free traders and the fisher-folk.

During the course of the afternoon Corbie had a word or two in his office with Peter Buchan—“Young Peter,” as he was called, to distinguish him from his father “Auld Peter.” Peter had returned from the Greenland seas on board the “Jan Mayen” a week or two before (being, indeed, the smart young fellow who had greeted Harry Hacket on the pier at Port Henry; and he was now engaged in his usual winter pursuit—cod-fishing off the Gutter Bank.

It was not quite dusk when one of the

large yawls used in the deep-sea fishing left the south harbor for the Gutter Bank. Peter Buchan was at the helm. "It's a mighty fine night for the big cod," he remarked casually, as they stole past the pier-head, where a private of the coast-guard was seated, whistling drowsily as he polished his pistols.

XXI.

DAWN at sea!

Though rather too subtle for the painter's pigments, many admirable pictures of the dawn have been made for us by the poets. That pale, pure light, growing momentarily upon the horizon, and then touching the veiled and azure plain, ushers in a moment of complete and exquisite repose, more complete and profound indeed than the repose of the night. It is during this solemn pause, the poet declares, that the passage from night to day is accomplished. The angel of night, leaning on his spear, and gazing on the earth the while—in what inscrutable reverie!—waits to be relieved from his ward.

'Twas the last watch of night,
Except what brings the morning quite,
When the armed angel, conscience clear,
His task nigh done, leans on his spear,
And gazes on the earth he guards,
Safe one night more thro' all its wards,
Till God relieve him at his post.

That limitless plain of waters which we call the German Ocean was basking in the morning sunshine. The sun was newly up; but no breeze had risen with the dawn, and a breathless quietude pervaded the sky and the sea.

Over the Gutter Bank, where the big fish lie, a small fleet of fishing-boats was widely scattered. The hands on board were busy with their lines, but the brown sails were lowered, and the bare spars rocked leisurely with the tide. The Gutter Bank is in mid-ocean: it is only during the calmest weather that the fisher-folk venture out so far. But for the past week the weather had been strangely still.

Beyond the fishing-boats—nearer "Noroway"—a tidy little craft is lying at anchor. The bank, though in mid-ocean, is comparatively shallow, and there is one spot known to coastmen and smugglers where in a weather like this a vessel may ride safely. It is seldom, of course, that an anchor is dropped in that vast sea-solitude; but the knowledge that it is possible to lie there for days without a soul on

shore being a bit the wiser is sometimes handy.

There is nothing stirring—so far as one can judge at this distance—on board the handsome little cutter; she might be the Flying Dutchman or any other phantom craft, for that matter. But a tiny cockle-shell of a boat that is paddling about among the fleet, with a couple of youngsters at the oars, is very much on the alert.

"I say, Dick," one of the lads exclaims, "I can't stand this any longer. The skipper is growing fat and lazy, and the landsharks will be upon us one of these moonlight nights. Suppose we make a run for the shore and waken up the pretty girls at Peelboro'?"

"Dinna tempt me, Dander," his companion replies, "dinna tempt me. The Peelboro' lasses! Why, man, there's a lass up there, at the queer auld house o' Fontainebleau, that's worth every cutty in the town.

Oh, Nancy's hair is yellow as gold,
And her een like the lift are blue!

But her name's no Nancy, but Eppie, and she's no my sweetheart, but my sister, and the raven's wing at the Bloody Hole is not so black, as her hair. But bide a wee, bide a wee, Dander; if the skipper means what he says, we'll mak Pothead the morn's night; and the skipper's a man o' his word—tho', to be sure, it's a day sooner than he designed."

"That's good news, Dick; better late than never. And now for a header!"

So the boys plunged into the cool, sparkling water—dark yet luminous, softly caressing yet racy with the brine. What a priceless luxury is youth! Out of what cheap elements is happiness formed when we are boys! And the ecstasy of that morning plunge in mid-sea is never forgotten, however old we may grow.

For well-nigh an hour they paddle about like a pair of young seals—now diving underneath, now floating lazily on the surface. Their hair, as it dries in the sunshine, grows crisp with the sea-salt. A screaming flock of kittiwakes hover overhead; a great black-backed gull regards them curiously as he passes. The breeze begins to move upon the water; fairy specks of mist drift lightly across the heaven. Then the fisher people lift their lines and hoist their tar-stained sails. One after the other they draw away towards the land.

But the tidy craft outside shows no sign of life, and the boys still chase each other like flappers through the water.

All the world is happy this October morning—sea and sky and cloud and gull and kittiwake; and happiness, in spite of the sourer moralists, is an altogether lovely thing, almost as lovely as youth! How does it happen, then, that happiness has such a fatal tendency to undo itself, to turn into mere mischief and misery? How fresh and wholesome a world! and yet how poisonous the seed that has been sown by some sinister hand!

XXII.

THE fishing hamlet of Port Erroll is built along the ledges of the North Haven cliffs; while the fishing-boats are drawn up out of reach of the breakers on the bleached sands of the cove. Seen from a distance—from a distance, remember—these white-washed, red-tiled cottages present an appearance of most picturesque confusion. A quaint gable-end with a most preposterous little window peeps round the corner: one old-fashioned mansion has mounted bodily on the back of its neighbor: were a single wall in the lower tier to give way, the whole community would incontinently topple into the sea. Slippery steps compounded of mud and water and the remains of slaughtered fish connect the various stories of this perpendicular hamlet, and lead ultimately, after a series of successful manœuvres, to the beach on the one hand and the upper world on the other. Nets and great black pots and dried fish and the wings of sea-fowl are suspended along the walls; and ducks, and gulls who have been made captive in their youth, and a large scrath with a look of insatiate gluttony stamped on its ugly face, explore the recesses of an ample ash-pit which has not been emptied within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. An ill-favored and ill-conditioned sow waddles greedily from one tempting abomination to another, and disputes with lean and weather-beaten curs the savory nuisances of the dung-heap. Amid the dirt, innumerable little bundles of rags and tatters—the progeny of the fertile sea—wallow with unspeakable zest, and as we discover in these parcels of filth the bright eye and the roguish smile, we are more than ever impressed by the unquenchable *élan* of boyhood. Nowadays such a community would be held to offend griev-

ously against all the conditions on which health depends; but in the year one sanitary science was in its infancy, and these worthy people—those of them, at least, who escaped the perils of the sea—never thought of dying, except of old age.

The sun has set: lights begin to twinkle among the cottages. It is the Sabbath night, and the inmates are sitting lazily at the doors of their dwellings. Then a bell is rung, and the women rise and walk leisurely towards the chapel on the rock—a building as grey and weather-stained as the rock itself. Some of the men follow. The evening service has begun, and forthwith the music of the great sea-psalm echoes across the bay.

The floods, O Lord, have lifted up,
They lifted up their voice;
The floods have lifted up their waves,
And made a mighty noise.

But yet the Lord that is on high
Is more of might by far,
Than noise of many waters is
Or great sea billows are.

Presently the rough voice of the missionary in urgent intercession with a jealous God is heard through the open door,—though the words of the prayer cannot be distinguished. But were we to enter we could guess that the congregation are preoccupied and inattentive,—even the preacher becoming ultimately aware that the thoughts of his hearers are wool-gathering. So the service is brought to an abrupt conclusion, and the congregation stream out into the twilight. All eyes are turned at once and instinctively towards the sea: Yes—a blue light is burning on the water, a couple of miles from the land. One or two of the men disappear from the crowd, scramble away to a ledge where a heap of brushwood has been collected; a piece of tinder is ignited with the old-fashioned “flint and fleerish,” and presently the brushwood is in a blaze. These are signals—signals between the sea and the shore. If you were versed in the language of the craft, you would understand that the blue light from the “Crookit Meg” was a note of interrogation—“Is the coast clear?” and that the red blaze from North Haven was the answer—“It is all safe at Hell’s Lum.”

Then the women and children go indoors, and in parties of twos and threes the men ascend the steep footpath leading to the mainland, and turn their faces to the south.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
KLOPSTOCK.

DURING the first half of the eighteenth century, presages were not wanting in Germany of a coming literary revival. People acquired a sufficient interest in poetry to lose their tempers about it; they discussed it with zeal if not with knowledge; the rival leaders, Bodmer and Gottsched, had each a keen scent for the faults of the other, if not for his own. But the direct results of all this controversy were very meagre. Neither party as yet had a genius in its ranks. The verses produced were commonplace prose chopped into defective metre, from which all the essential elements of poetry were carefully excluded.

The German writers of the time failed in three respects. They wanted (1) the sense of form, (2) independence and national character, and (3) all contact with life. No doubt both Gottsched and Bodmer busied themselves with inquiries into language and style, but their methods were inadequate, and they were worshippers of false gods. Gottsched wrote in the French interest, but the French lightness of treatment and suggestive wit escaped him altogether, and the French wisdom of life which fulfils a Molière he never tried to acquire. In the same way Bodmer, who appealed to England, had not Shakespeare in his eye; and though he professed himself a disciple of Milton, it was only Milton's mistakes that he admired. The energy of plastic creation, the "planetary harmonies" of the English poet—for these he had no sense, and he placed him much on the same level with such respectable persons as Edward Young, author of the "Night Thoughts." Thus the two rivals got little more from their study of foreign models than inflated blank verse and monotonous Alexandrines. And they looked upon these measures as absolutely perfect: they applied them mechanically without understanding their principles; they did not know that the form of a work of art is prescribed from within by the spirit; that it is like the shape to which a flower grows, not like a mould into which metal is cast.

But perhaps a worse fault than having an imperfect ideal was having a foreign one. No doubt every nation, if it be wise, will learn from all its neighbors; no doubt it will absorb elements offered from without. That is a vastly different thing from accepting any foreign standard. We may

import tea from China without importing its mandarins. But Bodmer and Gottsched thought differently. At war in all else, they agreed in this, that Germany could produce nothing of its own; that it must imitate the literature of more fortunate countries, and that such imitations would supply all native wants.

The reason for such preposterous opinions among men of talent lay in the separation which existed between poetry and life. People had no idea that a man's writings were connected with his character. The statement of Goethe that his poems are his confessions—the words he attributes to Tasso—

And if the human heart in silence break,
Mine is the God-given strength to tell my sorrow,—

would have been applauded as amusing paradoxes. Bodmer professed enthusiasm for Milton; but when in later days Lessing repeated Milton's principle that to write a poem one must live a poem, that no one can sing what he has not felt, Bodmer made merry over this "monstrous idea." "No, no, friend Lessing," he exclaimed; "it is not the man, it is only the poet, who loves and revels and weeps in his verses." Of course these opinions could hold ground only while there was no one of poetical insight to contradict them. As soon as men of real feeling and genius arose, their first task would be to restore literature to paths more human, more German, and more artistic. The two writers who fulfilled this mission, though in very opposite ways, were Friedrich Gottlieb Klopstock and Christoph Martin Wieland.

Already in Klopstock's life we see that he was peculiarly fitted for the work of reform. He was born in Quedlinburg in 1724, and like most German boys of his rank, grew up in an atmosphere of the strictest religion, but *unlike* most of them, with plenty of active exercise and outdoor employment. Both influences were due to his father, a man of somewhat excited pietistic notions, who believed in spectacles, presages, and the bodily presence of the devil, but who was also keenly alive to the importance of muscular Christianity.* The son was not behind in either direction. One of his biographers would have us recognize in the child the ancient Cheruscan hardness described by Tacitus, and dwells with especial delight on a

* There are many critics and biographers of Klopstock, but none of them excels Gervinus in his *Deutsche Dichtung*, who in this genial note surpasses himself.

swimming adventure which he undertook in spite of his parents' commands. Sent to school at Pforta, the other side of his character began to disclose itself. He threw himself on the study of Greek, broke loose from the pedantry of his masters, and read Homer, not as a grammatical exercise, but as the great epic of every nation and every age. The contrast of this with what in his own country were by courtesy called poems, filled him with burning shame. He vowed that if he lived he would wipe out the reproach of his fatherland; at night he could not sleep for thinking of his high career; and though his conscience accused him of worldly ambition, his heart beat high with hopes of immortality and fame. Among the rather Puritanical circles in which he moved he came to be noted for a certain exuberance of life. He revelled in an excited feeling of friendship. Friendship, next to peace of conscience, was the supreme happiness of man. He was an enthusiast for field-sports. He drew up a code of laws for skating, which he afterwards celebrated in an ode. Goethe too was proficient in these matters, but the eternal riding, swimming, and boating of Klopstock and his school soon became a very nuisance to the more judicious poet. When Klopstock visited Zürich, Bodmer and all his pious friends were greatly shocked. They had expected a holy young prophet, and were prepared to shed tears with him over his religious poems. But the lion would not roar, or rather would not weep. He was in disgracefully high spirits, and deserted his tearful admirers to amuse the ladies of the company.

But like most men in whose character the emotional predominates, Klopstock could be as easily depressed as exalted. Some of his odes, inspired by a merely hypothetical lady, express the innermost languishing of love. In others, which, contrary to contemporary German usage, he addressed to a real lady, Fanny Schmidt, he is often hoarse with misery. With streaming eyes he entreates Bodmer to intercede for him, and Bodmer good-naturedly consents. He is jubilant at the welcome which in 1748 the first three books of his "Messiah" receive; but he is presently plunged in despair when he remembers that, tutor as he is, he cannot devote his whole soul to the undertaking. This grief was removed. Bernstorff, prime minister of Denmark, invited him with a pension to Copenhagen. Klopstock set out in his most expansive mood,

and during the journey fell in love with Meta, or Margaretha Moller, whom he celebrated under the name of Cidli in several fine odes, and who three years later became his wife. This is the lady, who with no introduction but her admiration, struck up a correspondence with Richardson the novelist, and who, with her pleasant broken English, her talk of a "manly (*i.e.* male) Clarissa," and of "war, the great fiend of friendship," was at one time pretty generally known in this country. In these and other letters she appears to the full as gushing, as lachrymose, and, we may add, as high-souled as either Richardson or her husband. She returns to the days "when," to quote her own words, "I was only the single young girl." She writes of her first meeting with Klopstock: "I must confess that, though greatly prepossessed of his qualities, I never thought him the amiable youth whom I found him. This made its effect." For though merely his friend to begin with, "at the least," she proceeds, "my thoughts were ever with him filled." It is perhaps cruel to make her furnish evidence that Klopstock was a sentimentalist and a bore, but after all the statement is now in print, and she gives it with an enthusiasm too innocent to pass by. On the anniversary of her marriage she writes to a friend, "Klopstock greeted me, 'Wife of my heart, best wife, rare Meta, thou angel, thou, my heart and soul.' Yes, he said all that and much more, and ah! he has been saying it already the whole year through." Which certainly is exactly what we would expect of Klopstock, but few would add with his victim, "How happy I am!"

After his marriage Klopstock resided in Hamburg, where he lived a quite poetical life, idolized by his friends, his wife, and even by his wife's family. "The Messiah" was his dream by night and his work by day, and whilst he wrote his wife prayed that he might have inspiration. Klopstock can describe the existence he now led only by the most superlative of superlatives. But it was soon to pass. After four years his wife died; his progress with his work was slow, twenty-five years elapsing between the publication of the first book and the last, and during the interval the German public gradually cooled in its enthusiasm till it grew quite severe. Klopstock consoled himself for these misfortunes as best he might. He tried his success in what he called *bardiettes*, imitations of what he fancied the poems of the bards must

have been, and becoming the leader of the patriotic school, formed a "society of bards," which met on Saturday afternoons. He also founded a Ladies' Poetical Club in Hamburg—of which Lessing's wife wrote, "I shall never be admitted, I am neither young nor pretty enough for Herr Klopstock"—and by-and-by he married again, this time a widow lady named *Winthem*. For the defection of the public he comforted himself with the admiration of aristocratic friends, who granted him pensions and paid him almost divine honors. "After the mother of the Messiah himself," writes one, "comes the mother of Klopstock." He lived to welcome, and then to denounce the French Revolution, both in unmeasured terms, and died in 1803.

From Klopstock's biography it seems pretty evident that his gifts are chiefly lyric. There is no trace with him of the measured, stately self-control that we associate with great epic poets, with Virgil and Dante and Milton. And still less does he possess that quick, wide sympathy with all types of character, all shades of opinion which the dramatist requires. He once pronounced it sin to love a free-thinker. But his continual enthusiasm, his raptures of despair and delight, would all find their vent in the intenser kinds of lyrical composition.

It is noteworthy that Horace and Pindar were his early favorites and inspired his first poetical attempts. With them he cultivated his sense of form. As soon as he tried odes in German he found that he must have a perfect control over his language, a thorough insight into its spirit, a complete mastery of its materials. He studied it in the light of his Greek and Roman masters; he plunged into it and it bore him up; he felt he could compete with the ancients in their own measures, and contemptuously rejected what he called "the modern click-clack of rhyme." He strove with might and main to reach the old classical perfection of form, and not without success. "Klopstock," says Kolbe, "might boast as Augustus boasted of Rome, '*I found the German language brick, and left it marble.*'" It is unfortunate, but it is characteristic of the man, that this formal perfection means nothing more to him than mastery in speech, metres, and the arrangement of sounds. But in these he almost always succeeds, at least where they are the vehicle of exalted feeling. No doubt he takes liberties in his treatment of German, he forces it to be sub-

lime, in spite of itself; what it gains in majesty, it loses in simplicity. A friend once told him that people did not understand his language: "Then they may learn it," was Klopstock's reply. In this he was too proud and uncompromising, he would not take a telling. He persevered in classical constructions, involved sentences, obscure allusions, which it requires some erudition to explain. To illustrate this it is usual to quote his verse—

The pious monk's invention now resounds.

Perhaps few readers guess at once that he means *the gun is fired*, and that "the pious monk's invention" is the powder. A smart but somewhat flippant critic greatly annoyed Klopstock by proposing to translate his odes into *German*. Often he seems to have constructed his periods like Chinese puzzles, that his readers may have the pleasure of taking them to pieces again. But, after condemning all these faults, we must remember that they are by no means universal with Klopstock, and that it is very easy to make too much of them. Take him at his best and he is the unsurpassed ode-writer of the modern world (perhaps Dryden equals him in his one great effort). "Hence it comes that he has the ease and confidence of a master in all the primitive and original kinds of poetry. He seizes in its very essence the stormy ecstasy of the bards, the religious majesty of Psalms, and once or twice the more human beauty of the Greek lyrics." It has been said that in his youthful odes we hear again Pindar and David and the Edda. These names suggest a rough threefold division, not only of those, but of all his poems, according to three principles, which exercised a powerful influence on his life and development. Some of the odes are simple and severe, and have a faint breath of Greek beauty. Others are abrupt, difficult, involved and obscure, composed after northern models and intended to express the *Urdeutsch*, the original native German. A third class are dithyrambic hymns of religious content, steeped in the spirit of David and Isaiah and St. John.

The Grecian inspiration, as we saw, was his first. In the classical world he learned the significance of form: Pindar and Horace taught him their measures and their style. All his odes may be considered as the direct or indirect outcome of these influences. "But in that alien pagan world as it was to him he could not long linger. Already when he left school

he pitied Homer and Virgil for their religion's sake, and refused to follow in their steps." He placed the bard above the poet, the telyn above the lyre. "My heart," he cries, "demands tumult and storm and lofty flight, the audacious pictures of northern song, countless, hot, and true." Thus we see him return from Greece to his own country, he is fired with the idea of independence; he will be a national poet and sing German strains; the scholar is merged in the patriot. This change it is not hard to explain. No man of sufficient poetical feeling really to appreciate the Greeks could fail to see that they were great by the inspiration of the life around them. The pulse of their people beat more quickly in their veins and the aspirations of their people shone more brightly before their eyes. Will one reproduce Greek art, the sure way to fail is to imitate it: the only chance of success lies in making oneself the mouth-piece of one's own country and one's own time. This the young German felt. He began to search for a native hero and a native theme. He sought to revive the primitive German virtues. He wished to make his countrymen free and simple and hardy once more. This explains his passion for field-sports. "Had he been converting the heathen he could not have preached skating with greater unction." When Macpherson's "Ossian" appeared, Klopstock was in ecstasies. To call it a forgery was, in his eyes, blasphemous. Here was a poem original to the western races, "which defied Homer and shamed Apollo." Besides, in those days the distinction was not very precisely drawn between Celt and Teuton, and Klopstock was disposed to claim Ossian as the champion of all northern Europe. "Ossian was a Caledonian," says Gleim; "and therefore of German origin;" and Klopstock talks of his "Celtic or ancestral mythology." At a later day, when he composed his cumbrous allegory of the "German Republic of Letters," he described it as a sort of society of Druids. In like manner, considering the bards common to both races, he wrote strange, hybrid poems, which he called *bardiettes*, and which celebrate the feats of Arminius or Hermann, who had routed the legions of Rome. I may quote the following fragment to illustrate generally his treatment of these patriotic themes. The dialogue is between Hermann and his wife Thusnelda, when he returns from a victorious battle. The original antique metres are preserved in the translation:—

Lō! with swēat ōn hīs brōw, with Rōman gōre
stained,

With thē dūst ōf thē bātllē dēcked hē cōmēth,
Nē'ēr wās Hērmānn sō lōvēly,
Thūs nēvēr flāshed hīs brīght ēye.

Come! I tremble for joy; give me the eagles
And thy sabre blood-reeking, come, breathe
freely!

Rest within my embraces

After the terrible fight.

Rest, that I from thy brow may wipe the sweat-
drop,

And the blood from thy cheek, thy cheek how
glowing!

Hermann! Hermann! Thusnelda

Never hath loved thee as now.

Not even when in the forests' shade so wildly
Thou with sun-embrowned arm didst seize me,
stopping

I already beheld thee

With immortality crowned.

"Wherefore twin'st thou my locks? Lies not
our father

Silent, dead at our feet? Oh had Augustus

Led his hosts to the battle

Gorier *he* would lie there."

Let me bind up thy waving hair, O Hermann,
That it may o'er thy wreath in ringlets threaten!
Siegmar dwelleth in Heaven,
Follow and weep not for him.

But it was not Hermann who first suggested himself as the great epical hero of Germany. Klopstock's earliest choice was the Saxon emperor, Henry the Fowler, who had delivered his country from the Hungarian invaders. A little unrhymed ballad on this subject remains, which is a good specimen of Klopstock's simpler style:—

Behold the foe! the fight begins,

Come on to victory!

The bravest hero leads us on

In all our fatherland.

The sickness feels he not to-day,

There bear they him along,

Hail Henry, hero brave and good

In fields of flashing steel!

His eyeball glows with honor's flame

And victory commands,

Around him are the nobles' helms

With hostile blood bedewed.

• • • • •

Oh welcome death for fatherland,

Whene'er our sinking head

With blood be decked, then will we die

With fame for fatherland.

When we before us see a plain,

And but the dead behold

Around us, conquer then will we

With fame for fatherland.

• • • • •

The fame we've won shall aye remain,

Yea, even when we are dead,

When we have for our fatherland

The death of honor died.

But though Klopstock at one time thought of Henry for his hero, he soon abandoned him. We instinctively think of Milton, who once, from a crowd of epical and dramatic studies, selected the history of Arthur for his life-work. But finally both poets followed the summons of the sacred muse, and probably they were right. In the ode "To my Fatherland," Klopstock exclaims:—

Thine was I from my boyhood when my breast
Felt the first pulses of ambition spring.
I chose from heroes of the lance and crest
Henry thy rescuer to sing.
But I beheld the higher track of light,
And more than mere ambition fired my mind;
The pathway I preferred that leads from night
Up to the *Fatherland of all mankind*.
That I pursue, but when the toil too much
O'erburdens this mortality,
I turn aside, and, to the telyn's touch,
Sing, Fatherland, thy fame to thee.

"In this way," laments Gervinus, "he sacrificed Homer for Ossian and both for David." But this was really the best, indeed, the only thing he could do. How could he have sung a German heroic when Germany at the time did not exist? The disastrous Peace of Westphalia had made any practical patriotism impossible. The little princelings had received sovereign powers which made them independent of their emperor on the one hand, and of their subjects on the other. Neither unity nor freedom existed; there was no German empire and no German people. Klopstock might feel that patriotic sentiment that burns itself out in an ode; but the love of country which is necessary to inspire a great effort, which springs from love and gratitude and complete self-surrender, how could he feel that for a land "where the subjects were lackeys and the sovereigns were brutes"? For the monarch who laid the foundations of a new Germany, for Frederick the Great of Prussia, Klopstock on religious grounds had no sympathy; and indeed in his odes, though not in his life, all kings indiscriminately were "sots, albinos, and ourang-outangs." In these circumstances what catholic interest remained on which he could feel strongly save the interest of religion? Discontented with his own fatherland, he turned to the "Fatherland of all mankind." "I searched for a hero," he says, "and sank exhausted. Then suddenly him, whom as a Christian I loved, as a poet I saw with one swift, triumphant glance." Whatever faults there may be in the choice of subject and in the execution, we have here at least

the first essential condition fulfilled, *the poet feels what he is writing about*. He will pour his life into this chalice, he will consecrate all his powers to this task. The fruit of his classical studies, the noble hexameters which few could wield as he, his exuberant and headlong diction, the inheritance from his northern ancestry, these, he says, "I will now hallow by dedicating them to religion." He strove and struggled with himself to delay beginning his work till he was thirty years of age. But his subject possessed and overwhelmed him. It carried him away; he could not resist it, he *had* to begin. Feeling begets feeling: a poem which issued from such a state of mind must succeed: the first three cantos of "The Messiah" awoke an enthusiasm equal to the author's own. No doubt a reaction followed on both sides. Klopstock alternated between exaltation and ague, fever and depression. The public turned away from a work which at each further stage looked less and less like an epic. But meanwhile the deed had been done, the stimulus given. Henceforth there could be no question that the Germans had in them poetry of their own. They could now advance to their new classical period. They could never return to the "masterpieces" which had disgraced the last two hundred years.

In his choice of a subject we must admit that Klopstock was wrong. When a poet treats a larger theme he is generally exposed to a twofold danger. On the one hand his tastes may be a little recon-dite, he may select what is neither well-known nor popular. In this case he will fail to excite catholic sympathy, his work will not be national nor ever become household property. Or, again, he may choose what is too familiar, what is already sacred and hallowed in the minds of the people, so that no further artistic development is possible, and all change is regarded with suspicion. No one out of France is rash enough to write a new "Hamlet," and Klopstock was guilty of almost as much foolhardiness when he undertook to work up the simple stories of the gospel into an elaborate epic poem.

And the very conditions which determined his choice made it impossible for him fully to succeed. It was his orthodoxy dashed with pietism that drew him to the subject. Now while his pietism filled him with devout brooding reverence for the figure of Christ, his orthodoxy forced him to view it only through the old dogmas. These prescribed a certain

treatment and forbade a certain treatment. He could not piece together, reject, remodel, and humanize. We have seen this done in the prose of Renan and others with at least far more artistic results than came within the range of Klopstock's verse. Even the evangelical theologian, Dr. Dorner, says of him, "He failed to perceive that the divine, save when human, remains unrevealed, and hovers in a sublime haziness, which may inspire aspiration and ecstasy, but never keen, plastic contemplation." Klopstock conceives the divine in what Dr. Dorner would call its unrevealed state. He seeks its expression not in the workings of man's spirit, but in signs and wonders. So, instead of bringing his theme more fully and clearly within our consciousness, he shifts it further away. To this result his artistic concurred with his religious orthodoxy. He held the baleful tenet that an epic poem demands supernatural machinery. All of it, therefore, which he found ready to his hand seemed to require enlargement rather than dismantling. So he introduces a multitude of marvels, a crowd of persons, an enormous dæmonic apparatus, of which the evangelists know nothing, and which every judicious reader must feel to be out of place. Samma, a convert, Philo, a Pharisee, play important parts, and Pilate's wife, Portia, with her dreams and presentiments, has nearly a whole canto to herself. Nicodemus, Joseph, Lazarus, are made the heroes of imaginary occurrences. Indeed all the minor characters of the gospel, who are introduced casually, whose names are hardly mentioned, or are left unmentioned, become the centre of detailed and fantastical romances. Perhaps the most ridiculous example is the little love-story of Semida and Cidli, the young man of Nain and the daughter of Jairus. Since both died and both were raised from the dead, Klopstock discovers that they were evidently intended for each other. Their connection is not indeed mentioned in Holy Writ, but, thank heaven! Herr Klopstock is at hand to remedy such omissions! So he conducts them through a long and tearful courtship, and at length unites them amid a company of glorified saints and prophets who visit the earth after the crucifixion. Most of Klopstock's admirers would think this blasphemy, did it not occur in a religious poem.

Perhaps even more superfluous are the hosts of angels, demons, and genii who are intended to help on the action, but

who really impede it. Nothing happens save through their agency. Herder condemns this with rather an amusing illustration. The evangelist in his story of the crucifixion says, "Now it was about the sixth hour, and there was darkness over all the earth until the ninth hour." These simple words are intended to bring out the solemnity of the time, and do so completely. But in Klopstock, the seraph Uriel has been waiting for the proper moment, and then punctually signals to a star to place itself before the sun. In the same way no one can talk or think but it is by the prompting of an angel or a devil. "We get to know not men, but their guardian spirits." This fashion of supernatural poetry became the bane of Germany, and Lessing proposed to write a satire upon it in which old Gottsched should ride out "to hunt the seraphim." Klopstock only once attempts to portray character, and that is in the case of the fallen angel Abaddon. Abaddon was penitent, and his fate excited great interest in Germany. It became one of the burning questions of the day. The Zürich society supplicated for him, and in Magdeburg his salvation was solemnly decreed. This is not without parallel in England. Prayers have been offered that little Dombey might not die, and — what is even more *à propos* — that Lovelace's soul might be saved. In Germany these pious efforts were crowned with success, and at the end of the poem, when Abaddon beseeches God to annihilate him, he is mercifully restored to his place in heaven.

He alone of all the spirits has definite features. The others are a shadowy host, distinguishable only by their names. Schiller says truly, "From all that he touches Klopstock withdraws the body." And yet despite that, he is grossly materialistic. He places the infernal regions in the centre of the earth, lighted by a sun of their own. He describes God as a visible figure in space. He conceives spirit as body that has somehow ceased to be solid. Coleridge rather unkindly translates his name "Clubstick," and certainly he has no great subtlety of discernment or fineness of thought.

This defect shows itself in the whole plan of the poem, or rather in its absence of plan. When the early cantos appeared, and every one was raving about the new epic, Lessing cautioned the people that their applause was premature. "You can't judge a work of art from the parts," he said, "but only as a whole." This warn-

ing was disregarded at the time, but every new canto proved more and more conclusively that Lessing's fears had been well founded. What an epic imperatively demands is unity of action, but "The Messiah" had in the first place no unity, and in the second no action. Christ is nailed on the cross at the beginning of the eighth book; angels, mortals, saints, and devils gather round, sing and declaim during his dying agonies; and at last he gives up the ghost at the end of the tenth book. Now, one would think the story must draw to a close, the catastrophe is passed, the goal is reached. But in ten other cantos, quite as long as the first ten, Klopstock, with choruses, colloquies, and hymns, by a lavish use of celestial armies and the spirits of just men made perfect, fills up the interval between the crucifixion and the ascension. If this betrays a want of epical power, there is much else that absolutely contradicts the idea of a narrative poem. Instead of deeds, we have long debates; instead of acting, people talk. If before we were offended by Klopstock's interpolations, now we must marvel at his omissions. The procession to the cross, the threefold denial of Peter, the end of Judas, should have been god-sends to the poet; already there are touches about them hardly to be found out of our best old ballads. But Klopstock does not know when he is well off. We see the spectacle on the cross; of the *Via Dolorosa* we hear no word. Peter's treason takes place in the background, and when all is over he comes forward and "weeps himself" (*erweint sich*) the martyr's crown. At Judas's suicide, first the culprit makes a long speech, then his genius and a bad angel discourse together, and finally the departed spirit joins in the talk with a fatal fluency that death has not impaired. Not only does everybody speak, but their words are broken with passion: they foam at the mouth, or if they do not lose their self-control, it is because they are sublime. Everything is at the highest possible pitch. "For very feeling," says Lessing, "we feel nothing." Klopstock exasperates his reader with continual interjections; he had to be reminded, "Not every one that crieth Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of poetry." The same phrases occur in wearisome iteration. Everybody wonders and weeps and swoons and smiles and embraces everybody else, and dissolves in tears scalding or holy as the case may be. This last performance is especially Klopstockian. In almost every

page one finds the expression "weeping eyes."

All these criticisms we must make if we take Klopstock at his word and regard "The Messiah" as an epic poem. But if we do this we are less than just. We shall gain a truer point of view if for a moment we contrast "The Messiah" and the "Paradise Lost." We will not echo Coleridge's biting answer to those who called Klopstock a German Milton, "Yes, a very German one!" Rather we must decide that the two poets have as little as possible in common. With Milton everything has distinctness, firm outline, definite shape. Even his more hideous images have been compared by Winkelmann to beautifully painted gorgons. But no one in his senses would think of naming painting in the same breath with Klopstock. With him there is nothing fixed, nothing plastic; to use one of his own favorite formulas, "all things melt in feeling." Take even the following noble stanza on death:—

Again to bloom the seed the sower sows,
The Lord of Harvest goes
Gathering the sheaves,
Death's sickle reaps and leaves;
Praise ye the Lord.

It is not too much to say that no pictorial thinker could have written this, for it labors under a radical confusion; sowing and reaping, seed-time and harvest, are both employed as types of death. It certainly is no picture, but does it not suggest another art? Take now this poem, which he calls "The Rose Wreath":—

I found her by a shady rill,
I bound her with a wreath of rose,
She felt it not, but slumbered still.
I looked on her, and on the spot
My life with hers did blend and close.
I felt it, but I knew it not.
Some lisping broken words I spoke,
And rustled light the wreath of rose,
Then from her slumber she awoke;
She looked on me and from that hour
Her life with mine did blend and close,
And round us it was Eden's bower.

The presentiment, the dreaminess, the hush of feeling that mark these lines at least in the original, do they not come over the soul like a breath of melody? All poetry contains ideally the arts of painting and music. It is word-painting and word-music, though it is something more than their union. Klopstock's peculiarity lies in this, that with him the first element is more nearly wanting, and the second more fully present than with almost any

other poet. One more quotation for the sake of one more comparison will serve to illustrate this. It is from his ode on skating.

Sunk in the tomb on endless night
Is many a great inventor's name ;
Our torch we kindle at their light,
But where is their reward and fame ?

How name ye him who ocean crossed
First with tall mast and swelling sheet ?
Nor would I that his name were lost,
Who added wings to flying feet :

For should not he immortal live
Whose art can health and joy enhance,
Such as no mettled steed can give,
Nor ever paneth in the dance ? . . .

The scene is filled with vapory light,
As when the winter morning's prime
Looks on the lake ; above it night
Scatters like stars the glittering rime.

How still and white is all around,
How rings the track with new-sparred frost !
Far off the metal's cymbal sound
Betrays thee for a moment lost.

Why to the isle dost list aloof,
Unpractised skaters clamor there,
The ice not yet will load and hoof
Above or net beneath it bear.

Ah, naught upon thine ear is lost,
There wailings loud the death-crash makes.
How different sounds it when the frost
Runs splitting miles along the lakes !

Now contrast this with what Wordsworth says about skating in his poem on the "Influence of Natural Objects." I regret that I cannot quote it in full : —

So through the darkness and the cold we flew,
And not a voice was idle ; with the din
Smitten the precipices rang aloud,
The leafless trees and every icy crag
Tinkled like iron ; while far distant hills
Into the tumult sent an alien sound
Of melancholy, not unnoticed while the stars
Eastward were sparkling clear, and in the west
The orange sky of evening died away.

How precise and graphic and distinct all this is when compared with Klopstock's hazy rapture ! And the opinions of the two men about Ossian point the same moral. His "want of firm outline," to which Wordsworth objects, is precisely what attracts Klopstock. For this, and Ossianic mastery of vague emotion and feeling for sound as sound, are all qualities of his own. Herder said that his odes must be read aloud ; "then," he proceeds, "they rise from the page and become a dance of syllables." This is quite true, and Klopstock too often prefers the

syllable to the word, the music to the meaning ; he tickles our ears with pages of "sound and fury, signifying nothing." To such an extent does he proceed in the twentieth canto of "The Messiah," that his English translator * has not ventured to render it. It contains little more than shouts of hosannah, choruses of hallelujah, wavings of triumphal palms. Clearly the relation here is not with the painter, but with the musician. Gervinus reminds us that seven years before Klopstock began his poem, his countryman Händel had composed his famous oratorio on the same subject, and with the same name. Klopstock, who loved music with his whole soul, had a peculiar affection for this piece, and regarded it as his own and his country's glory.

His own work is much liker an oratorio than an epic. It is one great ode, or rather a great collection of great odes. Klopstock is always a lyrical poet, and he is never more lyrical than in "The Messiah." If we look at it in this light we shall like it better. Indeed, much that was repugnant to the idea of an epic we may now find to be powerful and impressive. We can now understand why the fragments were so popular while the whole failed to tell ; for the parts must be read as lyrics. From this point of view some of the individual passages are in their way unsurpassed. Thus the description of Adramelech's flight is lofty and sustained. Ever on the watch, he seizes the moment when the Messiah is exhausted and agonized. He swoops like a vulture from his lonely rock, and flies through the desolate valley. For an instant he pauses above a suicide who lies weltering in his blood, and whose dying blasphemies re-echo from the surrounding hills. He reaches the prostrate figure of Christ and gloats over his prey : he will overwhelm him with mockery and scorn. At this moment the Saviour turns and casts on him the look with which he will judge the world. Instantly the fiend shrinks and sinks in blank amazement. He sees no longer heaven, nor earth, nor

* Mrs. Collyer (or Mrs. Meeke). It may be remarked that Klopstock was unfortunate in the quality, though not in the quantity, of his translators ; and his complaints about this formed one item in his famous conversation with Wordsworth and Coleridge. From what I have said it is clear that Klopstock must lose more than most men, even when well rendered ; and if Herder could see the English versions he would call them "a prance of syllables." From these strictures, however, Mr. Nimrod must be emphatically exempted. All the rhymed translations which I have here used are by him, and their one fault is that they are rhymed. The unrhymed verse is by Mr. Baskerville.

Christ. Scarce can he rally for headlong flight.

Even the debates, if we regard them as splendid pieces of lyrical invective, may obtain their meed of approbation. The best of them is the dispute in the Sanhedrim, when the perturbation of Caiaphas, the caution of Gamaliel, the charity of Nicodemus, and especially the ruthless hatred of Philo, would make a really powerful impression, were their harangues not quite so lengthy.

Many, too, of the phrases and similes have a true poetic ring. When Satan *pours* the evil dream into Judas's open ear, does it not suggest old Hamlet's tale how his brother "into the porches of his ear did pour the leperous distilment?" And the whole episode of this dream is one of Klopstock's triumphs. Satan appears, as Judas's dead father, to excite in him treasonous thoughts. He tells him that his master neglects and despises him. He shows him the future Messianic empire in all its splendor. Where the mountains ribbed with gold cast long shadows on the fertile vales, there shall John the beloved disciple be king. Peter shall reign over hills where vineyards are hanging, and boundless fields of waving corn. All round, in a smiling land, cities glitter in the sun, each like Jerusalem, daughter of the king; a new Jordan flows beneath stately arches, along lofty walls, and gardens gay with fruit reach down to the golden sands — these are the kingdoms of the other disciples. But far in the north lies a bleak region wild and barren, and hideous with withered shrubs; above are drizzly clouds, below are snow and ice. "That, O Judas!" cries the fiend, "that is thine inheritance. There, companioned by birds of night, shalt thou wander alone among the aged oaks, while the other disciples smile in happy scorn."

It is in such passages as these, that afford scope for musical rhetoric, that Klopstock is at his best. It is a pity they are so scarce. They occur once or twice in "The Messiah," in the dramas hardly ever. These last effusions are indeed hopelessly dull. I have already alluded to his northern *bardiettes*. His sacred dramas are even poorer, and may be dismissed with a sentence: they are merely over-grown lyrics. The first and best of them, "Adam's Death," deals with the mystery of death as it is first seen to approach, not at the beck of a murderer, but in the common course of things, and though monotonous, does not fail to impress. These dramas, however, are

chiefly famous because of the evil fashion they introduced among the poetasters of Germany. For a few years every man who could versify, Wieland among them, and many who could not, seemed to study the genealogical chapters of Scripture for the purpose of weaving tragedies about the obscurest names. In the same way "The Messiah" called forth a swarm of epics that were no more epical and far less lyrical than itself.

Klopstock's prevailing character then is vehement, high-strung enthusiasm. And it was well for reviving German literature that its first flight should be so bold and lofty. It soared at once beyond the "arrows, views, and shouts" of the profane Philistines. In his poem of "The Two Muses," Klopstock proclaims at once that no cheap triumph will suffice him. The young untried muse of Germany disdains contest save with her victorious sister of Britain. They prepare for the race —

The herald sounds; they sped with eagle flight,
Behind them into clouds the dust was tossed:
I looked; but when the oaks were passed, my
sight

In dimness of the dust was lost.

Whatever we may think of the contest, we must grant that Klopstock restored German art to life and liberty. He himself revelled in this strange freedom, and abandoned himself to the guidance of his feelings. Probably this was necessary for the reformation of poetry, but it had its dangers. Klopstock's warmth of emotional raptures was wholly religious, but there were not wanting prophets of woe who foretold its issue in something very different. And they were right. It is proverbial that extremes meet. The excess of pietism swings round into an excess of frivolity. Both are the outcome of feeling and sensibility rather than of character, both look more to personal enjoyment than to a practical end. Klopstock himself was preserved from this transition by his priest-like purity and narrowness. But the logic of history made it necessary, nor is it to be considered merely a relapse. His overcharged religion and stilted diction need their supplement in an elegant style, and a gay, graceful wisdom of the world. So in the fulness of days the spirit of Klopstock, who has been called the German Milton, moved and fulfilled itself, and assumed a new form in Wieland, who has been called the German Voltaire.

M. W. M. C.

From The Fortnightly Review.
IDEALS OF FEMININE USEFULNESS.

IF it is impossible, as M. Renan contends, for nations to combine contradictory destinies, it must be at least equally unreasonable to expect the same achievement from individuals; and yet, more or less consciously, we are under a standing temptation to make such a claim, in proportion as any character before us seems to approach perfection in a single line. We want the Sister of Mercy not to forego her domestic ties, and the wife or daughter to find room for cosmopolitan interests; we want a life of action to leave leisure for the utmost refinements of feeling to pursue their hidden growth; and our unreasonableness, if such it be, reaches its climax in the case of reformers and philanthropists, whose labors strike us painfully as having been too much for their lives, unless they succeed throughout in combining a sense of wholesome human delight in their own activity with a keenness of feeling unblunted by familiarity with the recurring occasions of un-mixed pain. Alike with hero or heroine, eminent statesman or saintly hospital nurse, we are dissatisfied if two independent (not to say contradictory) ideals are not approached with equal nearness at the same time, if our admiration finds less food in the private character and personal relations than in the public, so to speak, professional career of our favorite.

It is a fair question whether this tendency is to be acquiesced in as natural or checked as unreasonable, but it will not be difficult for the reader of Sister Dora's life* to postpone the ungracious doubt until an answer shapes itself which may even perhaps involve a modification of the original inquiry. Every one who knows the Black Country, and especially that region of unredeemed blackness, roughness, and industrial ungrace of which Walsall is the thriving centre, knows also at least the name and something of the legend of "Sister Dora." Hundreds of thousands knew vaguely that there was something wonderful about the sway exercised in this Black Country by a beautiful and fascinating woman, and submitted to alike by Radical mayors and Evangelical vicars, by the surgeons of the hospital in which she nursed, and the colliers and puddlers who filled its beds. But it was not easy for strangers to learn or understand more than that the hospital

was excellent of its kind and the sister in charge more than commonly devoted and beloved. All that lay behind and beyond those bare and simple facts has now been unfolded in Miss Lonsdale's brief biography, and henceforward our dreams of fair women are likely to be haunted with the figure of this modern, very human saint who had the art of making religion as romantic and life as picturesquely interesting as in the days of St. Louis or St. Theresa.

The portrait prefixed to the volume shows us a strong, intelligent, very pleasant, but somewhat unfathomable face, and, indeed, part of the fascination of Dorothy Pattison's character lay in the unforeseen lights and shades which made it impossible to dispose of her under any representative heading. We must go back to the ages of faith to find saints of so mixed a temper, and when faith is ready-made legends of sanctity have an easier growth. There was a good deal of human and feminine-human nature in St. Catherine of Siena; but though she might modify, she had not got to create by her career the possibilities of her ideal life. Sister Dora not only had to do this, she seems to have done it without self-consciousness or self-questioning; and this adds to the mystery of her nature for some, who would have found her actions intelligible enough if she had felt the need or impulse to account for them in the vulgar tongue. Few intense natures have indulged so little in verbal expression, and this not from voluntary self-denial so much as a natural instinct of reserve. Her letters are short, hurried, almost bald in their exclusion of any but external topics, and if she ever kept a journal we may be sure that it contained nothing more subjective than surgical memoranda; yet we are never tempted to imagine that the inner life was uneventful because its history remained unwritten; rather the visible reaction of silent feeling was so potent as to be itself the most impressive record of those hidden facts of consciousness which tend to melt into commonplace as they are translated into the language of common experience.

Dorothy Pattison was the daughter of a Yorkshire clergyman, and born in January, 1832. After a delicate childhood she became remarkable for physical strength and energy, as well as for the buoyant spirits which made her the domestic "Sunshine." "But it was not in her nature to be passive and take life as it came; she was always burning to exer-

* Sister Dora. A Biography. By Margaret Lonsdale. Tenth Edition. Kegan Paul & Co. 1880.

cise her physical powers in some vigorous pursuit. . . . Her enthusiasm and spirit of adventure were roused by Miss Nightingale's work during the Crimean War. She wanted to join the band of women who went out as nurses, and implored her father to let her go. He refused" (Miss Lonsdale adds the word "wisely"), "telling her that, untrained and undisciplined as she was, she would be worse than useless, adding that she had enough to employ her at home if she would only think so." Then followed a few years of suppressed restlessness and apparent quiet at home till, at nine-and-twenty, after her mother's death, she obtained leave "to go and work somewhere at something." In fact, she engaged herself as village schoolmistress in the parish of Little Woolston, near Bletchley, and it is recorded to the credit of her pupils and employers how promptly they discovered themselves to be entertaining a disguised princess. For three years she worked alone, successfully and not unhappily, at her school and village nursing. An attack of pleurisy interrupted her work, and she was sent to recover her strength at Redcar, near the seat of a sisterhood which she had formerly wished in vain to join. "In the autumn of 1864 she became attached to the Sisterhood of the Good Samaritans."

This sisterhood had a year before undertaken the nursing of a small so-called Cottage Hospital at Walsall, and after two or three years of subordinate work in different places Sister Dora was allowed to settle permanently in charge of this much-needed and growing institution. "The first thing which the inhabitants of Walsall distinctly remember about Sister Dora is that in 1866 she had a very serious illness, brought on by exposure to wet and cold, and utter disregard of her health. . . . The hospital was besieged with inquiries, and many whose curiosity only had been excited about this 'Sister Dora,' now heard for the first time" how she was regarded in the back slums and lowest streets, where it was her custom to seek out those "too low and too miserable even to present themselves at the hospital for the relief of their suffering." After this she is not lost sight of again. Side by side with the almost fanatical devotion of a religious nursing sister—after a day in the hospital she would spend the night in the town, and small-pox patients died in her arms, made happy at last by the sister's kiss—she had a genius for scientific sur-

gery, especially of the "conservative" sort, which goes far to explain the boundless faith she inspired. Birmingham surgeons held up her bandaging as a model to their students, and more than once limbs condemned by the doctors were saved at her intercession. Once she took the sole responsibility in the teeth of her chief's warning that she would have the young man's death upon her conscience, and after watching and tending the mangled arm night and day for three weeks both life and limb were saved, and the astonished surgeon "brought the rest of the hospital staff to show them what might be done." One moment she is to be seen rebuking the blasphemy of drunken navvies in a third-class railway carriage; at her fiery remonstrance *post mortem* came to be conducted in Walsall with reverential silence; and if some prosperous little boy plays a mischievous trick upon a ragged, hydrocephalous baby, Sister Dora swoops down from an upper story like avenging justice, and her small hands deal smart and summary correction on the offender's ears. It hardly needs to be said that she is adored by all her patients, from the man who goes by the name of "Sister's Arm," to the hapless women who steal round to the hospital in the dusk to seek her help; but the full measure of her influence was hardly seen till a second epidemic of small-pox threatened the town of Walsall. A special hospital had been built but not used during the former outbreak, and when it was opened now the poor refused to use it; cases were hidden from the medical officers, and there seemed no means of arresting the contagion. Then Sister Dora offered to leave her own hospital and nurse the small-pox patients. "The authorities knew that the mention of her name in connection with the Epidemic Hospital would be enough to make everybody not only willing but anxious to send their relations to be nursed there. 'Sister is going to the Epidemic Hospital,' was the sentence in everybody's mouth." She went, and for six months was alone with her patients, two helpless workhouse servants, and an old soldier given to weekly drinking-bouts. When people refused to send their patients to the hospital, she would go in the ambulance, and announce that she had "come to fetch so-and-so; and if further difficulty was made, she would take up the man or woman in her arms as easily as if the burden had been a baby, and lift it into her omnibus." Only a few weeks after her return to

the Cottage Hospital eleven men were brought in scalded with molten metal by an explosion; nine died, and some conception of the physical horrors of the accident may be formed from the fact that soon afterwards the hospital had to be closed, in consequence of the hopelessly tainted condition of the ward where the victims of the explosion had been treated. Temporary premises had to be provided, and meanwhile Sister Dora threw herself into the work of a parochial "mission." At midnight, in the worst slums of Walsall, the clergy followed her into houses of ill-fame, and saw with amazement the lowest ruffians and prostitutes kneel down at her bidding in their own haunts, and, after listening to her prayers, follow meekly to the mission service. She knew them all by name, and all had, for themselves or another, owed something to her care and skill. A few lives were mended for good, but the lasting results seemed small in proportion to the energy spent upon them. In the Middle Ages such an influence would have filled convents and hermitages with *ci-devant* robbers and courtesans, but in the absence of such easy refuges against the rebound to unbroken habits, little trace of the wonderful personal ascendancy then exercised remained except in the memories of witnesses. But the unreasoning classes are less apt to insist upon tangible utilitarian results; to the Walsall populace Sister Dora was none the less adorable because of the imperfection of her worshippers; she was to many of them the sole embodiment of poetry and religion, harmless mirth and womanly beauty; and it is significant of the purely spiritual character and force of her influence, that while middle-class admirers proposed (most rightly) to honor her memory by the foundation of a convalescent hospital, the very class to whom such a hospital would be of use do not care so much for this, and, as the biographer well says, "it is worth recording, that amongst all the proposed monuments to the memory of Sister Dora, the working members of the population most desire to raise a statue in her honor." A railway servant expressed the general feeling why: "Nobody knows better than I do that *we* sha'n't forget her — no danger of that; but *I* want her to be there, so that when strangers come to the place and see her standing up, they shall ask us, 'Who's that?' and then we shall say, '*Who's that?* Why, that's *our* Sister Dora.'"

She died in December, 1878, of cancer,

concealed up to within the last few weeks even from the nurses, from her family and friends till the last. In September she was in London attending Mr. Lister's operations, and studying his method with a view to introducing the same treatment at Walsall. "When all human efforts for her relief had been exhausted, she said as they stood watching her, 'I have lived alone, let me die alone,' repeating 'let me die alone,' till they were forced to leave her, one friend only watching through the half-open door." She was carried to her grave by eighteen of the railway servants she had nursed, and her wish for a quiet funeral could not prevent the assemblage of all classes and professions, not only from Walsall, but from the surrounding districts and the cathedral city. Nearly every house was closed as the motley procession took its slow way to the cemetery. The dense crowds kept order for themselves, only ignoring the vain attempt of the police to keep them back from the open grave. Four pauper coffins were brought in from the workhouse at the same time, and the service was read over all five at once — "Just as Sister Dora herself would have wished," said one of the nurses — and the flowers brought for her grave were shared with these nameless poor.

It is hardly surprising that legends verging on the miraculous should have grown up about so marvellous a life, and there may be two opinions about the wisdom of Miss Lonsdale's reserve in withholding all stories of which the truth could not be guaranteed. What is believed about such persons is a part of the truth about them, and it is not often that we are able to see legends of the saints in the act of growth. But no doubt most of the marvels might be explained by the magical insight and quick intuitions of her sympathetic genius. It seemed mysterious to a patient that she should know him to be a bricklayer without being told, though his clothes smelt of mortar and she had removed a small fragment of brick from his eyes; and it is easy to imagine cases of the same kind that passed without explanation. With due reservations there could be no objection to putting on record some of the pretty inventions of popular faith in the sister.

After reading, not this brief abstract, but the biography itself, we need surely not be afraid of facing the question, Was this wonderful life equally perfect in every respect? Was there no flaw, no shadow anywhere, and if not, whence

comes the intense pathos of that last cry, "I have lived alone, let me die alone, let me die alone"? There were shadows. Sister Dora joined the Good Samaritans without her father's approval. When she asked for leave to go to him in his last illness it was refused, and she was not with him when he died. She was passionately fond of children, but thought meanly of the feeble minds and bodies of women. Before going to Walsall she was strongly urged by friends to accept an apparently suitable offer of marriage, and though her own feelings were not deeply enough engaged to make decision doubtful, she was heard in later days to remark, "If I had to begin life over again I would marry, because a woman ought to live with a man, and to be in subjection." A few years afterwards a more serious temptation presented itself. This time the love that sought her was reciprocated; but the lover was an avowed "unbeliever in revealed religion," and she was induced to think it right to withdraw from her engagement. The lady pupils who came to study nursing under her direction were received more from duty than pleasure. Bishop Selwyn used to call her "the One-Horse Chay," and she was one of the people who would rather do everything themselves than have the trouble of telling others to do it for them. She used to cook and scrub as well as nurse, and her assistants might pick up the crumbs of work that she let fall, but received little regular direction. It is unnecessary to see in this solitary instinct any jealousy of possible rivals or equals; her impulse was to do all the work in her own reach, and we have no reason to suppose she would have withheld generous recognition from independent work on the same scale; she simply had not the gift—which is a special one—of organizing the labors of her inferiors, and acting through them in her own absence. Her judgment, too, upon womanly subjection must be qualified by the recollection that neither lay nor clerical members of the hospital committee found much scope for the exercise of authority. Sister Dora generally knew best; but if unfortunately the committee failed for a moment to realize this fact, she knew as well as Prince Bismarck how to restore discipline among her rebellious masters—by the threat of resignation. Nursing was a delight to her, and she was too thoroughly natural a person not to find unmixed pleasure in the consciousness of her own power, and the feelings

of reverence and affection which surrounded her. Nevertheless, the secret of her passionate love of work lay partly in the impulse to run away from herself, the need to lose her own consciousness in the whirl of action, and the scarcely veiled longing for some hope forlorn enough to throw away her life upon. Her wish was to die at the Epidemic Hospital, though she also allowed herself to wish that if she had the small-pox without dying it might not "make her hideous." Religion had nothing to do with the feeling; her moderate Anglicanism was scarcely an integral part of Sister Dora's nature. *Some* religion she must have had, and no faith could find her a lukewarm professor; but there was more of nature than of grace in her devotion, as well as in her wilfulness and the inarticulate passion which sought its escape from sadness in the triumphs of militant despair. We cannot but ask whether the whole picture would have been less fair, if the shadows had not been so deep.

Leaving that problem still in suspense, it is the passing from the poetry to the prose of philanthropy, from the romance to the utmost reasonableness of good works, to turn for a moment from the biography of Sister Dora to the "Life and Work of Mary Carpenter,"* as narrated by a nephew. Here, at least, there is no dearth of self-revelations; and while we respect the intensity of feelings that elude expression, we are none the less compelled to sympathize with those feelings of which every expression finds a thousand echoes. Mary Carpenter's youthful circumstances were favorable enough. The daughter of an enlightened Unitarian minister and schoolmaster, she learnt what she pleased of all her father could teach. James Martineau was one of her fellow-students, and still remembers being awed by her geography; and no sooner was she grown up than the father's failing health made it expedient to turn the boys' school into one for girls, which the sisters could manage alone. Miss Carpenter had thus not to plead for occupation; her searchings of heart were mostly of the theological kind; belief in the atonement presented itself to her mind at one time in the light of a temptation, which she resisted by the apparatus of "Scripture proofs." But she was also troubled by "inordinate affections," or, as we gather, a disposition to set her heart

* Life and Work of Mary Carpenter. By J. Estlin Carpenter, M.A. Macmillan & Co. 1879.

upon persons or things with an *abandon* that she thought to be wrong and felt to be painful, as the objects of her affection turned out to have affections of their own set in quite other directions. This common, not to say universal, experience of affectionate girls is not brought into undue prominence, and by five-and-twenty Mary's private ambitions had begun to wander from her own school towards schemes for reclaiming the children of the vicious poor. In 1835 a small society was formed for district visiting, and a year or two later this assumed a more distinctly missionary character; but this period and the next ten years — twelve or fifteen out of the best years of an ordinary life — were spent in waiting, with more or less conscious impatience, for freedom to enter on a wider field of work. Miss Carpenter had no quarrel with her family or surroundings, it simply did not occur to her or them that it could be right or possible for one of her age and sex to take the initiative in a new scheme of public utility. Translated into secular prose, the confessions of her journal imply that the energies thus forcibly repressed tended to break out again in the less useful form of irritability; so that her conscience had enough to do in mortifying innocent ambitions on the one hand, and on the other reproaching herself for not being the better for the mortification.

In 1846 a ragged school was successfully opened in one of the poorest courts of Bristol; in 1848 the home teaching was given up; and in 1849 Miss Carpenter published the results of her long probation in a little book entitled "Ragged Schools: their Principles and Modes of Operation," by a Worker. She was now forty-three, and though only just beginning the work to which she owes her fame, her mind was made up on all the points subsequently made familiar by her advocacy. Ragged schools, industrial schools, reformatory schools, later on prison discipline in general, and finally the education of women in India — these are the subjects which occupy the remainder of the memoir. We need only follow Miss Carpenter in her public life in order to see how far it succeeded or failed in supplying the blanks felt in the two earlier periods of youth and maturity. In 1851 she writes, "It is a very curious feeling to me when I think about it, to give out my opinion with a certain degree of confidence, and to have it received as worthy of consideration." At a confer-

ence held at Birmingham the same year, "she took no part in the discussions; to have lifted up her voice in an assembly of gentlemen would have been, as she then felt, tantamount to unsexing herself;" but to find her own ideas accepted in the outer world, and to be herself welcomed on the broad platform of social reform without reference to her unorthodox dissent, was the greatest possible relief and encouragement. When the cause claimed her it was impossible to stand upon points of decorum, and she was soon in correspondence with Cabinet ministers, criticising and drafting bills, giving evidence before committees, preparing papers of her own to be read before societies; and at last, alas! "unsexed" to the point of reading them herself to applauding audiences.

Her mother's death in 1856 broke up the habits of years, and the reaction, after a long course of dependence and self-suppression, could not but take the form of fresh craving after freedom and independence, scope for action, together with near objects of affection. In 1858, when at length settled in a house of her own, she writes with unspeakable thankfulness "for the sense of freedom I have now. . . . I have lived in so very cramped a condition, that in many ways I feel as if — now past fifty — I were only just emerging from childhood. So this puts me back at times; but on the whole I feel more 'myself and nobody else,' or rather that I shall soon be so." Henceforward at least there were no external checks to her activity, except such as are common to all reformers, and the interludes of depression and discouragement which still recur occasionally are sufficiently explained by her own special difficulties. The two or three schools which she had established in Bristol in accordance with her own ideas, while they were still new and her time otherwise unoccupied, still required to be looked after in detail; and this task became burdensome as distant and more general problems claimed an increasing share of attention. At the same time the ideal home relations were still unformed; and, on the whole, we cannot conceal from ourselves that to begin life at fifty is to begin it at a disadvantage. This remark does not apply in any way to her public work, which was as quietly and, if one may say so, as *amiably* influential as could be wished or desired. All Miss Carpenter's letters, even on somewhat burning questions, are so unflinchingly clear, courteous, and diplomati-

cally impersonal, that we understand their freedom from offence, and read without surprise the official letter of introduction which accompanied her to India, stating "that Miss Carpenter's opinion has for many years past been sought and listened to by legislators and administrators of all shades of political opinion in England, and that his Excellency in Council looks forward to her visit to Bombay as likely to be of great public benefit." Miss Carpenter was fond of quoting an American lady agitator to the effect that she did not ask for her rights, she "took them;" and she had been able to take so nearly all the part she wished in affairs, that it was natural for her to hesitate about demands for the political enfranchisement of women. Was it desirable to give the suffrage to women who could not be trusted to exercise all desirable influence without it? It took a long and calmly argumentative letter from Mr. Mill to persuade her (in 1867) that *qui veut la fin veut les moyens*, and that, if it is a woman's business to try and induce ministers to bring in a good Education Bill, it must also be their business to help, if they can, to provide a majority to carry the same to a third reading. Miss Carpenter was convinced; public speaking in all its forms she had already had to resign herself to, but it is pleasant to find that the gentle old lady still found it possible to draw the line somewhere. In 1873 she was asked to "take the chair" in some mixed assemblage, and tells a friend that she "declined, of course, as I always keep within my own womanly sphere."

Now we are much tempted to ask whether this (happily elastic) theory of the "womanly sphere" is in any way answerable for the undercurrent of melancholy common to the lives of two women as strong, as different, and as successful as Dorothy Pattison and Mary Carpenter. Both were thoroughly sane in body and mind, with well-proportioned, equally developed natures, free from any morbid leanings, and both found their way at last to the work for which they were supremely fitted. And yet, revered, adored, and valued as the memory of each and the work of both must be, it is certain that most old-fashioned believers in the "womanly sphere" will turn from the two memoirs with a compassionate sigh—"Poor things! they would have been happier married and with a pack of children!"

Clearly it is more important that the Bristol ragamuffins should be reclaimed,

and the gaols of Bombay and Montreal reformed, than that one more Nonconformist minister should have an exemplary wife; it is more important that as many as are sick or sorry in Staffordshire should have Dora for their sister, than that she should be happy (if she could) in brightening a single home. But the very question that we wish to raise, is begged by this way of stating the alternative. It is not in sane human nature to feel permanent regret because things mutually exclusive cannot be possessed together. Women as well as men can find genuine happiness in the "best possible" life; they are not condemned by nature to spend their strength in yearning after some composite impossibility; and it may be that if our two sane and sensible heroines fail to find content in the best possibilities open to themselves, the fault may lie not with them, but in the arbitrary external limits of the possibility.

We are apt to speak of women as if the quality belonging to them as such were one and indivisible, in which case it would be hard to explain the variety of womanly types; but in fact the *substratum* of all character is neutral or rather common, and the especially feminine finish, so to speak, is seldom equally elaborate and conspicuous at every point. If we adopt the popular classification of the faculties as active, passive, and intelligent, we should find little that is specifically feminine in Miss Carpenter's practical reason. She is a reformer of the same order as her friend Mr. Hill, and it is only in the personal affections that she is a thorough woman. In Sister Dora, again, the mind is feminine; there is genius, but it is the genius of a woman; the passions and impulses, on the other hand, are broadly human; she needed to feel her own nature in forcible contact with her fellows, she could not but live intensely; but in another age, among other conditions, her life might have been anything but unmixedly beneficent. It is generally allowed that there are the makings of a sinner in most great saints, and Sister Dora's temptations would not have been towards narrowly feminine transgressions.

It is evident that if the characters of women vary in this fundamental way, they cannot all be contentedly provided for by a common destiny. Marked individualities must feel their way towards an individual lot, but the health and happiness of the whole nature suffers by the arbitrary repression of the part which happens to have taken a line of development

unforeseen by our neat generalities concerning the sex. The question which coming generations will have to solve at their leisure is virtually this, whether women whose genius is not unmixedly and exclusively feminine will find in the miscellaneous relations of life the full satisfaction of their feminine propensities, provided their other aptitudes find average facilities for healthy play; or whether royal alliances will be arranged between the ruling spirits of the future, and genius succeed less rarely than now in finding a mate in independent genius. There can be no general rule for single lives, but it is a safe conclusion that whatever society ends by approving or applauding in its members, the said members should be allowed to undertake with unexhausted strength and spirits unbroken by wanton delay, opposition, and discouragement.

It might almost be said that the last three decades have each made a difference of five years in the ages at which it is possible for a woman with a "mission" to start upon her career. Instead of appearing as a diffident novice at five-and-forty, she may venture, as Miss Carpenter puts it, "to give out her opinion with a certain degree of confidence" even at thirty, and may have the pleasurable surprise of seeing it already "received as worthy of consideration;" and this change, of which we have scarcely yet begun to see the fruit, involves much more than the mere saving of so many years for a particular kind of work. Half the pathos of half-spoilt lives lies in the fact, not that he or she have failed to get what they wanted, but that they have got it too late to be of any use. With the majority of mankind the first half of life exhausts the first fresh power of complete absorption in a single interest, pursuit, or affection; the best work of a lifetime is seldom done then, but it is often conceived, literally inspired, by the energetic delight which comes from gratification of the primary impulses. If this delight is once missed, a tinge of "twilight gray" is apt to spread even over the successes which life may still have in store; and, without venturing upon doubtful subtleties, it is a plain matter of common sense that the ordinary pleasures of friendship, which it is the tendency of contemporary society to undervalue, are most enjoyable when the friends are held together, in comparative youth, with still fresh zeal, by the further tie of a common pursuit. And as few people are born exactly among the

surroundings most congenial to their later growth, the golden age of first friendships will be lost and over before the congenial spirits meet, unless they are allowed to enter soon enough each upon their chosen path.

It will be thought, perhaps, that the long ordeal passed through by women like Mary Carpenter was not without its advantages; benevolent purposes that survived so arduous a struggle for existence, brought a guarantee of fitness; and though the ardor of some and the life of other philanthropists might burn out before they emerged from obscurity, all who did so emerge might be trusted to lose no time and alienate no supporters by rash or immature experiments. The price paid for such security might well be thought excessive, but the benefit was real, and it is fortunate that the course of events naturally provides an equivalent security in the place of this. As the number of young unproved adventurers is multiplied, they are less and less exposed to the dangers and difficulties of absolute innovation. Whatever direction may be taken by the ambition of these younger women, in almost every direction they have had predecessors, some of whom survive as leaders, and the fatal stumbling-block is removed which excluded women from attempting to do any ostensible kind of work unless they had quite exceptional powers of initiative. In other words, the same gradual change of social feeling which promises to allow women of heroic dimensions to use their powers undelayed, also promises to provide a modest field for the aspirations of the unheroic many. There are only too many girls who resemble Sister Dora in little except the inability to feel that "they have enough to do at home — if they would only think so." They cannot, will not, or at all events do not, think so; and the mere problem how to keep these unemployed energies out of mischief is itself large and pressing enough to call for consideration.

We have first to distinguish between the women who wish to do some particular thing and those who only wish in general for something to do. The first class need little except fair play; any special vocation may take the place of genius to the extent of fixing the individual destiny; but with regard to the others, the very vagueness of the appeal justifies us in allowing the general convenience to determine what employment shall be of

ferred. There is no class injustice in this. It is true that a young man is not at present expected to be guided in the choice of a profession by considerations of general utility; it is enough if he sees a prospect of doing the work he undertakes with average ability, and such success as may enable him to meet the claims of private or family relationship. But the very root and origin of the complaints made, say, by this young man's sisters, is just that they are free from any material claims, in the direct or indirect discharge of which their whole time might be engaged. Some merely desire the distraction of sustained employment; others have a moral aversion from a useless life, and both are willing to compound with society for leave to do something by consenting to do only such things as society is prepared to sanction. We are getting disabused of the notion that all women who do not marry are (or ought to be) born sisters of mercy, and, if they want to do anything, will want to do nothing but good, in some form or other, to their fellow-creatures. But the "data of ethics," as they present themselves to us nowadays, no longer seem to warrant a sharp line of demarcation between religious good works and indifferent secular action. We are prepared to recognize as good, *i.e.* as ministering to the fulness of normal vitality and growth, every manifestation of personal energy, every gratification of personal desires which is proved by the spontaneous course of things to be compatible with the development of similar animation in other parts of the social body. A woman who marries from inclination into a rank of life suited to her tastes, is obliged, like a professional man, to do many things which are not in themselves pleasurable; but they are among the natural and necessary conditions of an acceptable whole, and therefore they are done without any sense of sacrifice or constraint. Our object should be, if possible, to create conditions of equally pleasurable necessity for the life and action of the unattached residuum. Society must arrange itself, upon the whole, pretty much to the satisfaction of the majority of its members, or the majority would insist on a rearrangement; but it is rank optimism to contend that no improvement on the spontaneous combination of independent interests can be suggested by self-conscious reflection. The majority of men and women shake into place readily

enough of themselves; but there are a certain number of unfilled places and unplaced persons left over to disturb our faith in universal adaptation.

Fortunately many of these unfilled places are of quite average attractiveness, and there is no apparent reason why the class of unplaced or unattached persons should not be encouraged in the custom of choosing a place for themselves out of the list of vacancies; *il y en a pour tous les goûts*, and providing the choice is equally free and pleasant, there is no great hardship in having to choose upon grounds one degree more abstract than those which regulate the thoughtless decisions of the contented majority. Men and women of the world are satisfied when the ordinary relations of life enable them to render and receive, in about equal proportions, those social services which build up the fabric of civilized life. The few whom accident has left without particular, so to speak, localized attachment, to a single set of duties or any one definite function, will also be satisfied if these steps are lighted, by the lantern of a general rule, to fresh regions where the indulgence of their best natural inclinations will be transformed into the offer of an acceptable service.

Leaving out of account those women who have definite original ambitions of their own, and those who are fully satisfied with such forms of feminine benevolence as have been generally sanctioned since the Evangelical revival which succeeded Methodism (district visiting and similar "work amongst the poor"), we should find that there is still a real, a felt, and an unsatisfied demand for social ministrations of a secular kind, such as our unoccupied young ladies, and perhaps nobody else, could adequately meet. Mr. Ruskin has written very prettily about the place and use of girls in their own homes; but among townsfolk who live in an atmosphere of daily papers, whose domestic instincts are smothered by the necessity of being "at home" to their equals by the hundred, it is often true that the demand for the homely domestic graces of "*Fors Clavigera*" may be most felt a few hundred doors off. Third-rate accomplishments are at a discount in the society which can afford to amuse itself by the help of the first professionals, but accomplishments that are third-rate in the West End may without undue arrogance hope to embellish the lives of those who have learned to associate the idea of amusement with

vulgar debauchery and excess. More than one society has been formed for providing cheap concerts for the people, and many girls who "don't see the use" of keeping up their music for home consumption — when better can be had — would feel it a pleasant duty to cultivate their voices to the utmost if chorus singers are wanted for an oratorio in White-chapel. In like manner the missing impetus to study in the sister arts may be supplied by the vision of endless blank walls and panels, where amateur decorators may work their will to the delight of schoolchildren;* and in all this it must be remembered that the privilege of addressing a larger, if less critical public than that of the artist's home, has to be earned, and is pretty sure to be willingly paid for, by better work than would be done without some external stimulus. We are coming back to the old Greek faith in music and gymnastic as the groundwork of civilized education, and any number of young ladies with a natural enthusiasm for the ordinary drawing-room accomplishments of singing and dancing, might be profitably employed as missionaries for the spread of such accomplishments amongst the children and operatives of large towns. Waltzing goes on under difficulties round a hurdy-gurdy outside a corner public-house; but it would be pretty to see a young lady fiddling — say on the roof-playground of the big school of some poor neighborhood — to a hundred or so of the most exemplary scholars. The more serious-minded members of such a mission might institute inquiries as to the proportion of men had up for beating their wives who had ever learned to dance, and so close is the connection between moral and physical discipline and self-restraint that we should expect the statistical argument to be strongly on the side of such gymnastic.

But many of our young friends have a soul above accomplishments; they themselves don't care for pictures, have no ear for music, and "hate dancing," and thus might rebel with some reason against a theory of "woman's mission" which did not go beyond the spread of graceful accessories; their sympathies are more with the stern realities of life, and it annoys them to be reminded of their sex at every turn. Well, men and women have had to agree that the wheels of the social order

want oiling here and there, that the economical mechanism of supply and demand needs a helping hand from time to time to supply the gaps of incomplete evolution and imperfect adaptation. The opportunities here are much the same for men and women, only there are rather more women in proportion who may find a purpose for their life in seizing them. Philanthropists have tried to go into trade, and have purged themselves of the suspicion of economical heresies by collecting rents and paying dividends on the capital invested in coffee-taverns. Those who like to deal with generalities may further the work of such companies; those who prefer dealing with John and Mary in the flesh may follow in the wake of Miss Octavia Hill,* and restore the lost personal relationship between landlord and tenant in our towns. Those, again, who wish to know John and Mary first, as a preliminary step to being able to help them to realize their own wishes if they happen to have some ready, must seek an introduction from some guide with local knowledge,† and dropping idle airs of patronage gradually discover where a new club would have a chance of success; whether the members of the existing club are friendly enough to work together about a co-operative store; whether the existing store can spare funds to invest in buildings for its members; and so on from each exhausting problem to its neighbors. To many it comes as a discovery that the majority of the working-classes do not think of themselves at all in a guise answering to the "charitable lady's" conception of the "poor." But it is difficult to meddle with any schemes of improvement without coming across cases of more or less crying need for directly charitable assistance, and many, therefore, will be glad to co-operate with the society for organizing such relief, which is much in need of intelligent volunteer assistance to carry out its admirable principles, now perhaps somewhat outweighed by the proportion of formal machinery and routine to the actual range of work attempted. It is possible, again, that for some even the Charity Organization Society may not go sufficiently near to the root of the matter, and the relations of capital and labor with all the varied phases of modern industry may attract explorers. Here, also, the last few years

* Members of the Kyrle Society have supplied charming decorations to some infant schools in the East End of London.

* Homes of the London Poor. By Octavia Hill. Macmillan & Co.

† E.g. the writer of "Work about the Seven Dials."

have witnessed changes. Miss Martineau's "Tracts on Political Economy" were widely popular among middle-class Liberals, but they were little fitted to capture the attention of the operatives, and until quite lately many distinguished leaders of the working-classes would have been inclined to echo Mr. Crawley's "Woman, mind your distaff," if stray feminine sympathy had ventured to obtrude upon the serious business of a trade dispute. But there can be no indiscretion in women concerning themselves about the industrial employment of women, and as the conditions of industry are substantially the same for both sexes, understanding and sympathy will not be expected to narrow themselves unnaturally.

It would be impossible, as well as tiresome, to attempt in a few pages to give an exhaustive list of all the harmless ways in which the unoccupied classes may "earn their salt" in a busy world. It is enough if the general principle can be accepted, that as the salt and savor of life lies in the motivated continuity of effort, all those who are not forced into effort by the unsought urgency of love or hunger must have a tasteless existence, unless they are enabled to bring themselves within the ranges of some sufficient attraction or instigation. All that the modest majority of mankind require to content them is something to do, that they can do sufficiently well to feel moderately well pleased with themselves for doing it; and instead of discouraging the craving after such wholesome functional activity, society should even be at some pains to foster its development, with a special view to the improved nutrition, if we may keep up the physiological figure, of those parts of the organism which are not yet fully adapted to the surrounding conditions. After all there is not very much either to fear or to hope from the development of feminine energies in the immediate future, and perhaps the most certain and considerable gain from a larger toleration of feminine aspirations will be the security that future heroines will have less to cool and sadden their generous ardor than Miss Carpenter or Sister Dora.

Coming back to the point from which we started, the only possible conclusion seems to be, that—for men as well as women—the complete and unimpaired realization of any widely admirable ideal implies the complicity of society. It is only by the favor and countenance of the

many that the one is enabled, as from a vantage-ground, only in part of his own creation, to survey the battlefield of human effort, and bear down with overwhelming reinforcements to the rescue of a threatened outpost, or the support of an advancing column. The general must have soldiers, but the heaven-born general most often makes his appearance in an orderly camp, and the better the discipline among the rank and file, the more chance we have of such illustrations of the poetry of spiritual combat as Sister Dora's life would still have given, though it had been shaped a thought more happily.

EDITH SIMCOX.

From The Nineteenth Century.
THE PINCH OF POVERTY.

In these days of reduction of rents, or of total abstinence from rent-paying, it is, I am told, the correct thing to be "a little pressed for money." It is a sign of connection with the landed interest (like the banker's ejaculation in "Middlemarch") and suggests family acres, and entails, and a position in the county. (In which case I know a good many people who are landlords on a very extensive scale, and have made allowances for their tenants the generosity of which may be described as Quixotic.) But as a general rule, and in times less exceptionally hard, though Shakespeare tells us "how apt the poor are to be proud," they are not proud of being poor.

"Poverty," says the greatest of English divines, "is indeed despised and makes men contemptible; it exposes a man to the influences of evil persons, and leaves a man defenceless; it is always suspected; its stories are accounted lies, and all its counsels follies; it puts a man from all employment; it makes a man's discourses tedious and his society troublesome. This is the worst of it." Even so poverty seems pretty bad, but, begging Dr. Jeremy Taylor's pardon, what he has stated is by no means "the worst of it." To be in want of food at any time, and of firing in winter-time, is ever so much worse than the inconveniences he enumerates; and to see those we love—delicate women and children perhaps—in want of them, is worse still. The fact is, the excellent bishop probably never knew what it was to go without his meals, but took them "reg'lar" (as Mrs. Gamp took

her Brighton ale) as bishops generally do. Moreover, since his day, luxury has so universally increased, and the value of intelligence has become so well recognized (by the publishers) that even philosophers, who profess to despise such things, have plenty to eat, and good of its kind too. Hence it happens that, from all we hear to the contrary from the greatest thinkers, the deprivation of food is a small thing: indeed, as compared with the great spiritual struggles of noble minds, and the doubts that beset them as to the supreme government of the universe, it seems hardly worth mentioning.

In old times, when folks were not so "cultured," starvation was thought more of. It is quite curious, indeed, to contrast the high-flying morality of the present day (when no one is permitted, either by Evolutionist or Ritualist, however dire may be his necessity, so much as to jar his conscience) with the shocking laxity of the holy Scriptures. "Men do not despise a thief if he steal to satisfy his soul when he is hungry," says Solomon, after which stretch of charity, strange to say, he goes on to speak of marital infidelity in terms that, considering the number of wives he had himself, strike one as severe.

It is certain, indeed, that the sacred writers were apt to make great allowances for people with empty stomachs, and though I am well aware that the present profane ones think this very reprehensible, I venture to agree with the sacred writers. The sharpest tooth of poverty is felt, after all, in the bite of hunger. A very amusing and graphic writer once described his experience of a whole night passed in the streets; the exhaustion, the pain, the intolerable weariness of it, were set forth in a very striking manner; the sketch was called "The Key of the Street," and was thought by many, as Browning puts it, to be "the true Dickens." But what are even the pangs of sleeplessness and fatigue compared with those of want? Of course there have been fanatics who have fasted many days; but they have been supported by the prospect of spiritual reward. I confess I reserve my pity for those who have no such golden dreams, and who fast perforce. It is exceedingly difficult for mere worldlings—such as most of us are—not to eat, if it is possible, when we are hungry. I have known a great social philosopher who flattered himself that he was giving his sons an experience of high

thinking and low living by restricting their pocket-money to two shillings a day, out of which it was understood they were to find their own meals. I don't know whether the spirit in their case was willing, but the flesh was decidedly weak, for one of them, on this very moderate allowance, used to contrive to always have a pint of dry champagne with his luncheon. The fact is, that of the iron grip of poverty, people in general, by no means excepting those who have written about it, have had very little experience; whereas of the pinch of it a good many people know something. It is the object of this paper—and the question should be an interesting one, considering how much it is talked about—to inquire briefly where it lies.

It is quite extraordinary how very various are the opinions entertained on this point, and, before sifting them, one must be careful in the first place to eliminate from our inquiry the cases of that considerable class of persons who pinch themselves. For, however severely they do it, they may stop when they like and the pain is cured. There is all the difference in the world between pulling one's own tooth out, and even the best and kindest of dentists doing it for one. How gingerly one goes to work, and how often it strikes one that the tooth is a good tooth, that it has been a fast friend to us for ever so many years and never "fallen out" before, and that after all it had better stop where it is!

To the truly benevolent mind, indeed, nothing is more satisfactory than to hear of a miser denying himself the necessities of life a little too far and ridding us of his presence altogether. Our confidence in the average virtue of humanity assures us that his place will be supplied by a better man. The details of his penurious habits, the comfortless room, the scanty bedding, the cheese-rinds on his table, and the fat banking-book under his thin bolster, only inspire disgust; if he were pinched to death he did it himself, and so much the better for the world in general and his heir in particular.

Again, the people who have a thousand a year, and who try to persuade the world that they have two thousand, suffer a good deal of inconvenience, but it can't be called the pinch of poverty. They may put limits to their washing-bills, which persons of cleaner habits would consider unpleasantly narrow; they may eat cold mutton in private for five days a week in order to eat turtle and venison in

public (and with the air of eating them every day) on the sixth; and they may immure themselves in their back rooms in London throughout the autumn in order to persuade folks that they are still at Trouville, where for ten days they did really reside and in splendor; but all their stint and self-incarceration, so far from awakening pity, only fill us with contempt. I am afraid that even the complaining tones of our City friend who tells us that in consequence of "the present unsettled state of the markets" he has been obliged to make "great retrenchments" — which it seems on inquiry consist in putting down one of his carriages and keeping three horses instead of six — fail to draw the sympathizing tear. Indeed, to a poor man this pretence of suffering on the part of the rich is perhaps even more offensive than their boasts of their prosperity.

On the other hand, when the rich become really poor their case is hard indeed; though, strange to say, we hear little of it. It is like drowning; there is a feeble cry, a little ineffectual assistance from the bystanders, and then they go under. It is not a question of pinch with *them*; they have fallen into the gaping mouth of ruin, and it has devoured them. If we ever see them again, it is in the second generation as waiters (upon providence), or governesses, and we say, "Why, dear me, that was Bullion's son (or daughter), wasn't it?" using the past tense as if they were dead. "I remember him when he lived in Eaton Square." This class of cases rarely comes under the head of "genteel poverty." They were at the top, and hey presto! by some malignant stroke of fate, they are at the bottom; and there they stick.

I don't believe in bachelors ever experiencing the pinch of poverty; I have heard them complaining of it at the club, while ordering Medina oysters instead of natives, but after all, what does it signify even if they were reduced to cockles? They have no appearances to keep up, and if they cannot earn enough to support themselves they must be poor creatures indeed.

It is the large families of moderate income, who are delicate and have delicate tastes, that feel the twinge: and especially the poor girls. I remember a man, with little care for his personal appearance, of small means but with a very rich sense of humor, describing to me his experiences when staying at a certain ducal house in

the country, where his feelings must have been very similar to those of Christopher Sly. In particular he drew a charming picture of the magnificent attendant who in the morning *would* put out his clothes for him, which had not been made by Mr. Poole, nor very recently by anybody. The contempt which he well understood his Grace's gentleman must have felt for him afforded him genuine enjoyment. But with young ladies, in a similar position, matters are very different; they have rarely a sense of humor, and certainly none strong enough to counteract the force of a personal humiliation. I have known some very charming ones, compelled to dress on a very small allowance, who, in certain mansions where they have been occasionally guests, have been afraid to put their boots outside their door, because they were not of the newest, and have trembled when the officious lady's maid has meddled with their scanty wardrobe. A philosopher may think nothing of this, but, considering the tender skin of the sufferer, it may be fairly called a pinch.

In the investigation of this interesting subject, I have had a good deal of conversation with young ladies, who have given me the fullest information, and in a manner so charming, that, if it were common in witnesses generally, it would make blue-books the most delightful description of reading.

"I consider it to be a pinch," says one, "when I am obliged to put on black mittens on occasions when I know other girls will have long white kid gloves." I must confess I have a prejudice myself against mittens; they are, so to speak, "gritty" to touch; so that the pinch, if it be one, experienced by the wearer, is shared by her ungloved friends. The same thing may be said of that drawing-room fire, which is lit so late in the season for economical reasons, and so late in the day at all times; the pinch is felt as much by the visitors as by the members of the household. These things, however, are mere nips, and may be placed in the same category with the hardships complained of by my friend Quiverfull's second boy. "I don't mind having papa's clothes cut up for me," he says, "but what I do think hard is getting Bob's clothes [Bob being his elder brother] which have been papa's first; however, I am in great hopes that I am outgrowing Bob."

A much more severe example of the pinch of poverty than these is to be found

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in railway travelling; no lady of any sense or spirit objects to travel by the second, or even the third class, if her means do not justify her going by the first. But when she meets with richer friends upon the platform, and parts with them to journey in the same compartment with their manservant, she suffers as acutely as though, when the guard slams the door of the carriage with the vehemence proportioned to its humble rank, her tender hand had been crushed in it. Of course it is very foolish of her; but it demands democratic opinions, such as almost no woman of birth and breeding possesses, not to feel *that* pinch. Her knowledge that it is also hard upon the manservant, who has never sat in her presence before, but only stooped over her shoulder with "Ock, miss," serves but to increase her pain.

A great philosopher has stated that the worst evil of poverty is, that it makes folks ridiculous; by which I hope he only means that, as in the above case, it places them in incongruous positions. The man, or woman, who derives amusement from the lack of means of a fellow-creature, would jeer at a natural deformity, be cruel to children, and insult old age. Such people should be whipped and then hanged. Nevertheless there are certain little pinches of poverty so slight, that they tickle almost as much as they hurt the victim. A lady once told me (interrupting herself, however, with pleasant bursts of merriment) that as a young girl her allowance was so small that when she went out to spend the morning at a friend's, her promised pleasure was almost darkened by the presentiment (always fulfilled) that the cabman was sure to charge her more than the proper fare. The extra expense was really of consequence to her, but she never dared dispute it because of the presence of the footman who opened the door.

Some young ladies—quite as ladylike as any who roll in chariots—cannot even afford a cab. "What I call the pinch of poverty," observed an example of this class, "is the waiting for omnibus after omnibus on a wet afternoon and finding them all full."

"But surely," I replied with gallantry, "any man would have given up his seat to you?"

She shook her head with a smile that had very little fun in it. "People in omnibuses," she said, "don't give up their seats to others." Nor, I am bound to

confess, do they do so elsewhere; if I had been in their place, perhaps I should have been equally selfish; though I do think I should have made an effort, in this instance at least, to make room for her close beside me.*

A young governess whom some wicked fairy endowed at her birth with the sensitiveness often denied to princesses, has assured me that her journeys by railway have sometimes been rendered miserable by the thought that she had not even a few pence to spare for the porter who would presently shoulder her little box on to the roof of her cab.

It is people of this class, much more than those beneath them, who are shut out from all amusements. The mechanic goes to the play and to the music-hall, and occasionally takes his "old girl," as he calls his wife, and even "a kid" or two, to the Crystal Palace. But those I have in my mind have no such relaxation from compulsory duty and importunate care. "I know it's very foolish, but I feel it sometimes to be a pinch," says one of these ill-fated ones, "to see them all [the daughters of her employer] going to the play, or the opera, while I am expected to be satisfied with a private view of their pretty dresses." No doubt it is the sense of comparison (and especially with the female) that sharpens the sting of poverty. It is not, however, through envy that the "prosperity of fools destroys us" so much as the knowledge of its unnecessary and waste. When a mother has a sick child who needs sea air, which she cannot afford to give it, the consciousness that her neighbor's family (the head of which perhaps is a most successful financier and market-rigger) are going to the Isle of Wight for three months, though there is nothing at all the matter with them, is an added bitterness. How often it is said (no doubt with some well-intentioned idea of consolation) that after all money cannot buy life! I remember a curious instance to the contrary of this. In the old days of sailing-packets a country gentleman embarked for Ireland, and when a few miles from land broke a blood-vessel

* There is, however, some danger in this. I remember reading of some highly respectable old gentleman in the city who thus accommodated on a wet day a very nice young woman in humble circumstances. She was as full of apologies as of rain-water, and he of good-natured rejoinders, intended to put her at her ease; so that he became, in a platonic and paternal way, quite friendly with her by the time she arrived at her destination—which happened to be his own door. She turned out to be his new cook, which was afterwards very embarrassing.

through sea-sickness. A doctor on board pronounced that he would certainly die before the completion of the voyage if it was continued; whereupon the sick man's friends consulted with the captain, who convoked the passengers, and persuaded them to accept compensation in proportion to their needs for allowing the vessel to be put back; which was accordingly done.

One of the most popular fictions of our time was even written with this very moral, that life is unpurchasable. Yet nothing is more certain than that life is often lost through want of money—that is of the obvious means to save it. In such a case how truly has it been written that "the destruction of the poor is their poverty"! This, however, is scarcely a pinch, but, to those who have hearts to feel it, a wrench that "divides asunder the joints and the marrow."

A nobler example, because a less personal one, of the pinch of poverty, is when it prevents the accomplishment of some cherished scheme for the benefit of the human race. I have felt such a one myself when in extreme youth I was unable, from a miserable absence of means, to publish a certain poem in several cantos. That the world may not have been much better for it if I had had the means does not affect the question. It is easy to be incredulous. Henry the Seventh of England did not believe in the expectations of Columbus, and suffered for it, and his case may have been similar to that of the seven publishers to whom I applied in vain.

A man with an invention on which he has spent his life, but has no means to get it developed for the good of humanity—or even patented for himself—must feel the pinch of poverty very acutely.

To sum up the matter, the longer I live, the more I am convinced that the general view in respect to material means is a false one. That great riches are a misfortune is quite true; the effect of them in the moral sense (with here and there a glorious exception, however) is deplorable: a shower of gold falling continuously upon any body (or soul) is as the waters of a petrifying spring. But, on the other hand, the occasional and precarious dripping of coppers has by no means a genial effect. If the one recipient becomes hard as the nether millstone, the

other (just as after constant "pinching" a limb becomes insensible) grows callous, and also (though it seems like a contradiction in terms) sometimes acquires a certain dreadful suppleness. Nothing is more monstrous than the generally received opinion with respect to a moderate competence; that "fatal gift," as it is called, which encourages idleness in youth by doing away with the necessity for exertion. I never hear the same people inveighing against great inheritances, which are much more open to such objections. The fact is, if a young man is naturally indolent, the spur of necessity will drive him but a very little way, while the having enough to live upon is often the means of preserving his self-respect. One often hears what humiliating things men will do for money, whereas the truth is that they do them for the want of it. It is not the temptation which induces them, but the pinch. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," was Agur's prayer; "feed me with food convenient for me, lest I be full and deny thee, and say, Who is the Lord? or lest I be poor and steal." And there are many things, flatteries, disgraceful humiliations, hypocrisies, which are almost as bad as stealing. One of the sharpest pinches of poverty to some minds must be their inability (because of their dependency on him and that of others upon them) to tell a man what they think of him.

Riches and poverty are of course but relative terms; but the happiest material position in which a man can be placed is that of "means with a margin." Then, however small his income may be, however it may behove him to "cut and contrive," as the housekeepers call it, he does not feel the pinch of poverty. I have known a rich man say to an acquaintance of this class, "My good friend, if you only knew how very small are the pleasures my money gives me which you yourself cannot purchase!" And for once it was not one of those cheap and empty consolations which the wealthy are so ready to bestow upon their less fortunate fellow-creatures. Dives was, in that instance, quite right in his remark; only we must remember he was not speaking to Lazarus. "A dinner of herbs where love is," is doubtless quite sufficient for us; only there must be enough of it, and the herbs should be nicely cooked in an omelette.

JAMES PAYN.

From Nature.

THE TEMPERATURE OF SPACE AND ITS BEARING ON TERRESTRIAL PHYSICS.

FEW questions bearing directly on terrestrial physics have been so much overlooked as that of the temperature of stellar space, that is to say, the temperature which a thermometer would indicate if placed at the outer limits of our atmosphere and exposed to no other influence than that of radiation from the stars. Were we asked what was probably the mid-winter temperature of our island eleven thousand seven hundred years ago, when the winter solstice was in aphelion, we could not tell unless we knew the temperature of space. Again, without a knowledge of the temperature of space, it could not be ascertained how much the temperature of the North Atlantic and the air over it were affected by the Gulf Stream. We can determine the quantity of heat conveyed into the Atlantic by the stream, and compare it with the amount received by that area directly from the sun, but this alone does not enable us to say how much the temperature is raised by the heat conveyed. We know that the basin of the North Atlantic receives from the Gulf Stream a quantity of heat equal to about one-fourth that received from the sun, but unless we know the temperature of space we cannot say how much this one-fourth raises the temperature of the Atlantic. Suppose 56° to be the temperature of that ocean: this is 517° of absolute temperature which is derived from three sources, viz.: (1) direct heat from the sun, (2) heat from the Gulf Stream, and (3) heat from the stars. Now unless we know what proportion the heat of the stars bears to that of the sun we have no means of knowing how much of the 517° is due to the stars and how much to the sun or to the Gulf Stream.

M. Pouillet and Sir John Herschel are the only physicists who appear to have devoted attention to the problem. The former came to the conclusion that space has a temperature of -142° C. or -224° F., and the latter, following a different method of inquiry, arrived at nearly the same result, viz., that its temperature is about -239° F.

Can space, however, really have so high a temperature as -239° ? Absolute zero is -461° . Space in this case would have an absolute temperature of 222° , and consequently our globe would be nearly as much indebted to the stars as to the sun

for its heat. If so space must be enormously more transparent to heat-rays than to light-rays. If the heat of the stars be as feeble as their light, space cannot be much above absolute zero, and this is the opinion expressed to me a few weeks ago by one of the most eminent physicists of the day. Prof. Langley is also of this opinion, for he concludes that the amount of heat received from the sun is to that derived from space as much as four to one; and consequently if our luminary were extinguished the temperature of our earth would fall to about -360° F.

It must be borne in mind that Pouillet's memoir was written more than forty years ago, when the data available for the elucidating the subject were far more imperfect than now, especially as regards the influence of the atmosphere on radiant heat. For example, Pouillet comes to the conclusion that, owing to the fact of our atmosphere being less diathermanous to radiation from the earth than to radiation from the sun and the stars, were the sun extinguished the radiation of the stars would still maintain the surface of our globe at -89° C., or about -53° C. above that of space. The experiments of Tyndall, however, show that the absorbing power of the atmosphere for heat-rays is due almost exclusively to the small quantity of aqueous vapor which it contains. It is evident, therefore, that but for the sun there would probably be no aqueous vapor, and consequently nothing to protect the earth from losing its heat by radiation. Deprived of solar heat, the surface of the ground would sink to about as low a temperature as that of stellar space, whatever that temperature may actually be.

But before we are able to answer the foregoing questions, and tell, for example, how much a given increase or decrease in the *quantity* of sun's heat will raise or lower the *temperature*, there is another physical point to be determined, on which a considerable amount of uncertainty still exists. We must know in what way the temperature varies with the amount of heat received. In computing, say, the rise of temperature resulting from a great increase in the quantity of heat received, should we assume with Newton that it is proportional to the increase in the quantity of heat received, or should we adopt Dulong's and Petit's formula?

In estimating the extent to which the

temperature of the air would be affected by a change in the sun's distance, I have hitherto adopted the former mode. This probably makes the change of temperature too great, while Dulong's and Petit's formula adopted by Mr. Hill, on the other hand, makes it too small. Dulong's and Petit's formula is an empirical one, which has been found to agree pretty closely with observation within ordinary limits, but we have no reason to assume that it will hold equally correct when applied to that of space, any more than we have to infer that it will do so in reference to temperature as high as that of the sun. When applied to determine the temperature of the sun from his rate of radiation, it completely breaks down, for it is found to give only a temperature of 2130° F., or not much above that of an ordinary furnace.

But besides all this it is doubtful if it will hold true in the case of gases. From the experiments of Prof. Balfour Stewart (*Trans. Edin. Roy. Soc.*, xxii) on the radiation of glass plates of various thicknesses, it would seem to follow that the radiation of a material particle is probably proportionate to its absolute temperature, or, in other words, that it obeys Newton's law. Prof. Balfour Stewart found that the radiation of a thick plate of glass increases more rapidly than that of a thin plate as the temperature rises, and that, if we go on continually diminishing the thickness of the plate whose radiation at different temperatures we are ascertaining, we find that as it grows thinner and thinner, the rate at which it radiates its heat as its temperature rises becomes less and less. In other words, as the plate grows thinner its rate of radiation becomes more and more proportionate to its absolute temperature. And we can hardly resist the conviction that if it were possible to go on diminishing the thickness of the plate till we reached a film so thin as to embrace but only one particle in its thickness, its rate of radiation would be proportionate to its temperature, or, in other words, it would obey Newton's law. Prof. Balfour Stewart's explanation is this. As all substances are more diathermanous for heat of high than low temperatures, when a body is at a low temperature only the exterior particles supply the radiation, the heat from the interior particles being all stopped by the exterior ones, while at a high temperature part of the heat from the interior is allowed to

pass, thereby swelling the total radiation. But as the plate becomes thinner and thinner, the obstructions to interior radiation become less and less, and as these obstructions are greater for radiation at low than high temperatures, it necessarily follows that, by reducing the thickness of the plate, we assist radiation at low more than at high temperatures.

If this be the true explanation why the radiation of bodies deviates from Newton's law, it should follow that in the case of gases, where the particles stand at a considerable distance from one another, the obstruction to interior radiation must be far less than in a solid, and consequently that the rate at which a gas radiates its heat as its temperature rises, must increase more slowly than that of a solid substance. In other words, in the case of a gas, the rate of radiation must correspond more nearly to the absolute temperature than in that of a solid; and the less the density and volume of a gas, the more nearly will its rate of radiation agree with Newton's law. The obstruction to interior radiation into space must diminish as we ascend in the atmosphere, at the outer limits of which, where there is no obstruction, the rate of radiation should be pretty nearly proportional to the absolute temperature. May not this to a certain extent be the cause why the temperature of the air diminishes as we ascend?

If the foregoing considerations be correct, it ought to follow that a reduction in the amount of heat received from the sun, owing to an increase of his distance, should tend to produce a greater lowering effect on the temperature of the air than it does on the temperature of the solid ground. Taking, therefore, into consideration, the fact that space has probably a lower temperature than -239° , and that the temperature of our climate is determined by the temperature of the air, it will follow that the error of assuming that the decrease of temperature is proportional to the decrease in the intensity of the sun's heat may not be great.

In estimating the extent to which the winter temperature is lowered by a great increase in the sun's distance there is another circumstance which must be taken into account. The lowering of the temperature tends to diminish the amount of aqueous vapor contained in the air, and this in turn tends to lower the temperature by allowing the air to throw off its heat more freely into space.

JAMES CROLL.